

The Musical World.

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VOL. 69.—No. 30.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1889.

PRICE 3D.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1889.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

.* We hereby notify to all concerned that Mr. W. Pearce is
no longer connected in any capacity with this journal.

.* The Business Departments of the MUSICAL WORLD are now
under the management of Mr. L. V. Lewis, the Manager
of "The Observer," 396, Strand, to whom all communica-
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.* All advertisements for the current week's issue should be
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FACTS AND COMMENTS.

With the end of the concert season, the purely critical faculties
of the musical journalist take holiday. But unfortunately the said
journalist, like Pooh-Bah in the opera, unites a good many offices.
He is not now called upon to rush on his mazy round of concerts,
it is true; but he must, nevertheless, fill his columns of Facts,
Comments, or the like, whether or no there be any facts to com-
ment upon. It is, therefore, with joy inexpressible that we hail
the appearance of a new paper, devoted to art, whose pages are of
so diverting a character that we hasten to share with our readers
the merriment occasioned to ourselves. We may premise that the
journal in question is entitled, with an unconscious irony,
"Comedy"; for its pages are indeed the very fruitful cause
that mirth is in others. We would willingly quote in their
entirety the choicer specimens of criticism therein contained, were
that course possible. As it is, we shall but extract certain of the
more pregnant sentences from a criticism devoted to the concert
recently given by Herr Emil Bach, at which Madame Sembrich
sang.

Madame Sembrich, we are told by this humorous critic, who is
much addicted to what grammarians call the "historic present,"
"wears a low cut yellow satin dress, rich even in this artificial
light." So captivating was her appearance—the relapse into the
past tense marks, we fear, some lessened enthusiasm—"that her
first song seemed to me a little dry." Here we have a terrible
warning to all prima donnas who may be addicted to sinful extra-
vagance in dress. Should they be captivating in appearance, our
critical Comedians may find their first songs a little dry. However,
things came right at last. "Later she left no room for criticism;
her softest, scarcely audible notes, were mellow and strong, while
her loud ones swelled triumphant, challenging everything that has
a voice." Now, we have always been inclined to rank Madame
Sembrich very highly indeed as a singer; but we had not, up to the
present time, suspected her of power so wonderful that her notes
can be at once almost inaudible, mellow, and strong. "I liked
her best," our critic continues, "in a song that was technically
unimportant. She accompanied herself, and the ensemble was my
ideal of a song. She seemed to play and sing absolutely without
arrière pensée, and as though it was all entirely for the delight of
of some dearest person standing close behind her." It is not clear
how an ensemble can be anybody's ideal of a song; but that does
not matter. The performance must have been indeed remarkable,
and it is not wonderful that the singer was received with wild
applause. It is gratifying, too, to know that this applause was
appreciated by the fair artist. "She executed symphonies of
smiles, at last fervently kissed her hand"—and, oh, beery
thought!—"seemed to wish to embrace the audience entire."

The best is yet to come. At the same concert M. Hollman; the
well-known violoncellist, played the "Kol Nidrei," which, as every
one knows, is an arrangement of a beautiful Hebrew melody.
Hear the strange thoughts to which our critic was led. "The
Kol Nidrei had phrases that gave me the idea of some being
rolled in shaded grass, stifling sobs in heaps of petals." The some
being has our sincere sympathy, whatever the cause of its writhings
and sobs. Perhaps green apples were responsible. But the pro-
ceedings of this strange creature did not end here. "Then the
form seemed to rear, rear-up, up till it swooned backwards and
became absorbed in the sunlight." Alas, poor some being! Was
no better fate reserved for it than this Comic Nirvana?

We are permitted to see still farther into the humorous depths of this critic's mind. The majority of songs, he thinks, do not want words at all, and it would be better if "la, la, or syllables best suited to the music," were used instead. "Words limit a song, if they do not actually spoil it. The human voice should be treated, much more often than it is, simply as a musical instrument." We can only wonder at the batrachian grace with which these flights of mad fun are essayed. The suggestion has to be carried out in imagination before the humour is fully seen. Let us imagine the screamingly funny effect that would be produced should Madame Albani, for instance, substitute "la, la" for the words of "Hear ye, Israel;" or Mr. Lloyd sing "Pom, pom," instead of "Lend me your aid." As a disturber of æsthetic equilibrium Wagner cannot be compared with this humorist, who thus lightly and with an inimitable sense of the ludicrous would revolutionise the whole world of song. We cannot too warmly express our indebtedness to this critical joker, who at such a dull time finds us thus bountifully in food for merriment. Mark Twain, the late lamented Artemus Ward, even the festive Burnand, must retire into native obscurity. A greater than these is at hand.

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Mr. Harry Quilter, of the "Universal Review," is either a much misunderstood man, or—something else. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a magazine," he might well exclaim; and he has but too much reason to know how fierce a light beats upon the editorial throne. For, be it noted, his position is quite unique in this respect; whereas it is but customary, and indeed proper, that an editor should be treated with contumely by those whose contributions he has been foolish enough to reject; it is entirely unusual for him to be abused by those whose work has found favour in his eyes. Yet this is Mr. Quilter's hard lot; the bitterest complaints have been brought against him by some whose writings have figured in his review, and who tell dark stories of how their copy has, as they allege, been cut, their pet sentences mangled, and their pride generally brought low. We cannot say how far these tales are true; but there can be no doubt that every right-minded editor will feel for Mr. Quilter in his last trial, of which one version is set forth in the pages of "The Scots Observer" by Mr. C. W. Boyd. This gentleman, it appears, is a poet, who had sent two copies of verses to Mr. Quilter in his editorial capacity. To Mr. Quilter it presently seemed good to publish these poems without sending a proof to the author first, or making any promise of subsequent payment. This treatment was actually resented by the impertinent poet who—so keen was his thirst for lucre—dared to inform Mr. Quilter, in more than one letter, that he expected the monstrous sum of two guineas, and as Mr. Quilter naturally demurred to such extravagant demands, threatened the usual "solicitor." Hereupon, with a weakness quite unworthy of his singular character, Mr. Quilter paid the amount claimed, although it is understood that he still holds to his view, that no person has a legal claim upon an editor for the insertion of matter offered to him without application on his part, and without any intimation that payment is desired for it. The view is indeed somewhat unusual; but there is surely something terrible about an editor's lot, when he is thus to be tormented by a mere poet, for whom it ought to have been sufficient honour that he was enshrined in the "Universal Review." Therefore, we repeat that the genial art-critic and editor must be awarded heavy damages in the shape of sympathy,—if our sympathy can rise to the heights of amiable singularity whereon Mr. Quilter is perched, great, but lonely.

We direct the special attention of our readers to the letter from Canon Harford, which will be found in another column.

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A new musical "medium" has arisen in America. It is a young lady who rejoices in the name of Billings, and resides at Rochester, which city is much excited by her performances. She is, it appears, under the direct influence of "the Italian maestro, Ingrelio," with whom we do not profess any acquaintance, and, impelled by him, she seats herself at the piano, falls on sleep, and straightway begins to sing and play the most difficult pieces with surprising facility. The piano is not the only instrument on which she performs in her trances, for she plays several others which she has never studied, and sings in languages of which, in her waking moments, she is quite ignorant. Our information being but second-hand, we do not undertake to pass any opinion on the artistic value of her performances, though experience leads us to fear that they may be only on a level with those of Mr. Sludge, whose feats have been immortalised by Mr. Browning. It will be remembered that, in the poem in question, Mr. Sludge's ignorance of music so hampered the spirit of Beethoven that the music whispered by the composer as a Thirty-third Sonata came out as—

The "Stars and Stripes," set to consecutive fourths,
Or the Shaker's Hymn in G, with a natural F.

Nevertheless, it is very certain that if the dead and gone Maestro Ingrelio will transfer the scene of his operations to London, he will find many willing vehicles for his effusions amongst the amateurs—and others—who already perform in public without more preparation or ability than the sweetly-named Miss Billings. Report says, indeed, that a certain musical medium is actually *en route* for Paris, where exhibitions of this kind will be given.

.

A circular has been issued to English musicians by the committee charged with organising the ceremonies which will take place at St. Petersburg in November next to celebrate Rubinstein's artistic jubilee. Our readers are aware that the Grand Duke George of Mecklenburg-Strelitz is the president of the committee, and to him, at the Michael Palace, St. Petersburg, all donations to the subscription list which has been opened should be addressed. The festivity will take place on Saturday, the 30th, and the maestro's new opera, "Gorischka," will be performed. The title of this work, it may be noted, is translated in an Italian contemporary as "L'Abbruzza notturna," and in French as "Une Ivresse nocturne." So that, perhaps, "A Lark at Night" might serve as a convenient English equivalent.

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Messrs. Collard and Collard have initiated, though perhaps unconsciously, a new development of the resources of advertisement. They have pressed the sea into their service. A few months ago a collision took place between the Duke of Buccleuch and the Vandalia, in which the former sank, her boilers having exploded. A piano, built by the well-known firm in Grosvenor-street, was on board, and now, after Neptune only knows what strange wanderings, the instrument has been washed ashore at Worthing. Much of the woodwork was destroyed, but the mechanism and the sound-board were found intact. Speculation may be pleasantly awakened as to the marine adventures of this instrument. Did the mermaids play tunes to their lovers, or Neptune sing, to its accompaniment, "Rock'd in the cradle of the deep?" or two of the little Miss Neptunes play, duet-wise, a transcription of "What are the wild waves saying?"

Mr. E. H. Turpin was recently the hero of an amusing accident. The gentlemen who had conducted the College of Organists' examinations had adjourned from the College to their annual dinner at the Holborn Restaurant; but when they sat down Mr. Turpin was not amongst them, and no explanation of his disappearance was forthcoming until, after dinner, the examiners returned to the College. There they found the missing one, sitting placidly on an umbrella stand in the hall. He had been accidentally locked in the building, where he had been compelled to wait for nearly three hours, almost within hearing of the dignified revelry of his colleagues. If tradition speak truly, this is not the first recorded imprisonment of a member of Mr. Turpin's distinguished family.

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Mr. Freeman Thomas will commence his eighth series of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre on Saturday, August 10. The following artists will appear during the season: Nikita, Madame Clara Samuelli, Mdlle. Colombati, Madame Rose Hersee, Miss Fanny Joyce, Madame Alwina Valleria, Madame Tremelli, Madame Belle Cole, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Valentine Smith, Mr. Iver M'Kay, Mr. Henry Percy, Mr. Orlando Harley, Signor Foli, Mr. Barrington Foote, Mr. J. T. Carrodus (leader), Mr. John Ratcliff (solo flute), and Signor Arditi (conductor). Arrangements are being made for oratorios during the season.

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The friends of Herr J. H. Bonawitz have decided to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the well-esteemed musician's birth by a vocal and orchestral concert, to be given on December 3, the date of his birth being the 4th of that month. The concert, which will consist entirely of Herr Bonawitz's compositions, will take place in the Portman Rooms, and will be under the direct patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Frederica of Hanover, and Baron von Pawel Ramingen. The secretary of the committee is Mr. F. Upton, who should be addressed at the Portman Rooms.

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Mr. Ferdinand Praeger's Prelude Symphonique "Manfred" has recently been performed in Boston at a concert given under the conductorship of M. Calixa Lavalée. The work was received, and rightly, with great warmth.

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H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has been pleased to accept the dedication of a March Nuptial, composed and to be performed by Mr. Jekyll at the forthcoming Royal wedding. The march is published by Metzler and Co., Great Marlborough-street.

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At a meeting of the Leeds General Festival Committee held in the Town Hall, the Mayor (Ald. Ward) presiding, it was reported by Alderman Fred. R. Spark (hon. sec.) that up to the present time, eleven weeks before the Festival, applications for tickets had been unprecedented. They had already received no less than £6,690—being an increase of £1,118 over the amount taken at the corresponding time in 1886.

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At the Princess's Theatre, on Monday next, Mr. J. W. Turner will inaugurate a series of performances of English opera, commencing with "Maritana." "The Bohemian Girl" will follow on Tuesday, and "Fra Diavolo" on Wednesday.

DISCOVERY OF BEETHOVEN DOCUMENTS.

By the kindness of Mr. K. A. Stehling, the well-known violaplayer, we have had access to some recently-discovered legal documents, the property of the Austrian Government, throwing a new and interesting light on an episode in Beethoven's career, details of which have hitherto been wanting. The documents in question consist of thirty-three pages of manuscript, and relate to the dispute between Beethoven and Artaria on the subject of the Quintet in C, op. 29, known to amateurs as the "Storm-quintet." We have placed them in the hands of Mr. J. S. Shedlock, who has embodied the result of his investigations in an article, with the first instalment of which we now present our readers.—Ed. M. W.

BEETHOVEN AND ARTARIA. BY J. S. SHEDLOCK.

Before making any reference to the documents placed in my hands I will quote passages respecting the Artaria Edition of Beethoven's Quintet in C from the writings of Ferdinand Ries and the well-known Beethoven-investigators Nottebohm and A. W. Thayer.

Ferdinand Ries in his "Biographical Notices of Ludwig van Beethoven" relates that "the composer's Violin Quintet in C major (op. 29) was sold to a publisher in Leipzig, but was stolen and appeared suddenly at Artaria and Co.'s, in Vienna. As it was copied in a single night, there were innumerable faults in it: indeed, whole bars were missing. Beethoven acted in a cunning manner, for the like of which one would seek in vain. He requested Artaria to send to my house the fifty copies ready, to have them corrected, but gave me instructions to correct roughly with ink on the bad paper, and to draw lines on it, so that it would be impossible either to use or sell a single copy. These lines concerned especially the Scherzo. I followed his instructions exactly, and Artaria, in order to avoid a law-suit, was compelled to melt down the plates."

"This communication," says Nottebohm, in his "Beethoveniana," "is in part incorrect. It is correct that the Quintet (op. 29) sold to Breitkopf u Hartel, in Leipzig, appeared about the same time at Artaria and Co.'s, in Vienna. That Beethoven was not connected with this edition is evident from two notices which he inserted in the Vienna paper of January 22, 1803, and of March, 1804, and of which the first reads as follows:—

TO LOVERS OF MUSIC.

In announcing to the public that my original Quintet, long since advertised, has appeared in Leipzig, I also declare that I have nothing to do with the edition of this Quintet brought out at the same time by Messrs. Artaria and Mollo in Vienna. I am compelled to make this declaration, because this edition is full of faults, incorrect, and quite useless to the player. On the other hand, Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel, the rightful owners of this Quintet, have done everything in their power to produce the work in the finest possible form.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

The second notice runs thus:—

INFORMATION TO THE PUBLIC.

As I, the undersigned, inserted a notice in the Vienna paper of January 22, 1803, in which I openly declared that the edition of my Original Quintet in C major prepared by Mr. Mollo did not appear under my supervision, that it was full of faults and useless to the player, I hereby publicly so far retract this notice, since MM. Mollo and Co. have no part in this edition. I feel compelled to point this out to the worthy public by way of apology to MM. Mollo and Co.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

But it is not true, as Ries asserts, that the plates were melted down. On the contrary, printed copies were circulated in the trade, and the plates passed later on from Artaria to Mollo, to whom Beethoven had apologised, and Mollo (according to Whistling's statement) sold his edition as late as 1828.* There are four copies in existence belonging to different periods. The title of the oldest runs thus:—

Gran Quintetto pour deux Violons, deux Altos, et Violoncelle composé et dédié à Monsieur le Comte Mco. de Fries par Louis van Beethoven No. 3 à Vienne chez Artaria Comp. à Munich chez F Halm, à Francfort chez Gayl et Hädler.

* We shall have more to say about this later on.

A publisher's number is wanting. The print is bad. Also the edition is—to quote Beethoven's own words—"quite useless to the player," because, in some places, no attention is paid to the turning of the leaves. However Ries' statement that whole bars are missing cannot be confirmed. The second copy differs from the former in that with regard to the turning of the leaves some pages have been printed again, and that on the title, after the word "Beethoven," is added "Revu (sic) et corrigé par lui-même." The third copy agrees with the second, only it has, in addition, the publisher's number (1591). The fourth copy is similar to both the former, excepting that it has the name not of Artaria Comp., but T. Mollo, and another publisher's number (1302). The existence of these copies, and the addition on the title page "Revu et corrigé par lui-même," make it clear that Beethoven later on accepted the edition and corrected it; for it is not conceivable that Artaria would have made the addition without a reason and without Beethoven's consent.*

The whole story throws a light upon the former relations between composers and publishers."

This is Nottebohm's account of the matter. For the sake of completeness we now give a translation of the paragraph relating to the affair from A. Thayer's "Beethoven," Vol. 2, p. 276.

"Beethoven, although hasty and strong in his anger, was of a reconcilable nature. One will remember the theft of the C major Quintet dedicated to Count Fries, as related by Ries, as well as Beethoven's warning against an unlawful edition. Nottebohm has clearly shown that the printed plates were not, as Ries supposed, destroyed, but made use of later on with the consent of the composer, and with corrections made by himself. A short letter addressed to the publisher who had offended him, shows that his anger was softened down, and appears to intimate his intention to give him the right of publishing a new Quintet—an intention which, owing to his being busily occupied with his opera, and owing likewise to the French invasion, remained unfulfilled."

Then follows the letter to Artaria, already mentioned.

The additional information afforded by the documents which have recently come to light is of capital importance.

First of all we have a declaration (Protocoll) of Artaria's in which he says: "I have petitioned the Police-high-court (Polizeyhochstelle) to compel Beethoven to withdraw the false notice respecting his Quintet which he inserted in the Vienna paper of January 22, 1803. The notice, which makes out as if I had stolen the manuscript, is untrue; I received it from Count Fries, who himself obtained it from Beethoven. Further, the notice is injurious to my credit, since I came by the Quintet in an honourable way, and the edition is not faulty. Count Fries bought the Quintet from Beethoven in 1802, and I asked Count Fries to hand it over to me to publish. The request was granted, and in a few days I received a copy of the Quintet which I handed over to the printers. When Beethoven learnt that I was going to publish it, he came to me and explained that Breitkopf and Härtel were going to publish it, and made to me various promises on condition that I would abandon the publication. But Beethoven, after that, kept out of sight, and did not fulfil his promises.

Soon after Count Fries sent for me, and requested me to keep back the edition until that of Breitkopf and Härtel had appeared for fourteen days in Vienna. This I promised to Count Fries and signed a deed to that effect. Having kept my promise (as the subjoined declaration of Count Fries shows), I maintain that I came by the manuscript in an honourable manner, and as Count Fries in his declaration asserts that he bought the Quintet from Beethoven, I cannot understand how Beethoven in his notice can venture to say that he has nothing to do with the Artaria edition.

With regard to the other point in the notice, viz., that my edition is full of faults and useless to the player, I would say that after my promise to Count Fries, Beethoven corrected two copies, which copies I hand into court. I do not think Beethoven will deny his own handwriting. Further, I bring forward a note sent at that time by Beethoven which proves clearly the statements in the notice to be calumnious. As he corrected the copies, the only explanation is that he made wilful mistakes.

As Beethoven's statement is calumnious and hurtful to my long-established and honourably known business, and as the world might think I had obtained this Quintet and all other editions in a dishonourable manner, so I request that Beethoven be compelled to retract his notice.

* Beethoven writes on June 1, 1805, to Artaria and Co., "I here announce to you that the matter concerning the new Quintet has already been arranged between me and Gr. Fries. Herr Graf has this very day assured me that he will make you a present," &c. By "new Quintet" can scarcely be meant the pirated Quintet (Op. 29).

I do not know why Beethoven introduced the name of Tranquillo Mollo into the notice, for he had nothing to do with the edition which only bears the name of Artaria and Co. on the title-page. Besides, T. Mollo will himself make a declaration to that effect.

Further than this I know nothing, and declare I have spoken the truth, I will, however, remark that I have already announced in the papers my edition of the Quintet for sale."

This declaration is dated January 28, 1803. The substance only is here given, some useless repetitions having been left out.

After this statement of Artaria's, there is a note to the effect that Tranquillo Mollo, being questioned, asserts that neither alone, nor in company with Artaria, has he issued an edition of Beethoven's Quintet; that he feels injured by the notice inserted in the paper; and finally begs that Beethoven be compelled to publicly retract it.

The next document is one of considerable importance and interest. It is a rough draught of an affidavit made by Beethoven, and it is dated September 1, 1803.

He says:—"I was justified in inserting in the supplement of the Vienna paper (sub. No. 7) of the 22nd of January of this year a notice in my name, and here produced by me, addressed to lovers of music concerning an edition of my Quintet in C major, prepared by Messrs. Artaria and Mollo. The cause of this notice was as follows:—About a year and a half ago I sold my Quintet in C major to Count von Fries on the condition that after the expiration of six months I might again sell this Quintet, and have it published.

"Six months having expired, without any more ado, I sold the Quintet to the Leipzig publishers, Breitkopf and Härtel, who prepared a very fine edition of it.

"Afterwards I learnt that Artaria and Mollo, the publishers here, had obtained the Quintet in a surreptitious manner from Count Fries, and were ready with an edition which they intended to issue. Count Fries by virtue of our verbal agreement had no right to give away this Quintet to be published, so I made inquiry of him respecting Artaria and Mollo, and he explained to me that they reminded him that an edition of this Quintet had already appeared at Leipzig, and that they only wished to make a reprint, and with this explanation Count Fries saw no objection to hand over the Quintet to Artaria and Mollo.

"Now Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipzig had heard of the edition of Artaria and Mollo, and felt aggrieved thereby; so not to appear like a man who sells one and the same work to various publishers I promised other works to Artaria and Mollo on condition that they would suppress their edition. But they did not desist from the issue of their edition, so I was compelled for the sake of my honour to allow the above notice to be inserted in the paper."

"This much will I remark, that Artaria and Mollo bound themselves by a counter-deed (Revers) not to issue their edition to the public until the Leipzig edition had been here for fourteen days, which condition they kept, and did not, as I believe, issue theirs until the expiration of this period. Artaria and Mollo made this deed for Count Fries, and he handed it to me; and I was satisfied with it.

"But as Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipzig, whose letters I perhaps still possess, and may bring forward, were by no means satisfied with the above deed, and demanded the complete suppression of the edition prepared by Artaria and Mollo. And I myself feared that perhaps Artaria and Mollo, in spite of the deed which they had signed might secretly sell some copies. Besides as I found Artaria and Mollo's edition, which I revised, very faulty, by which my honour as composer was touched, so only afterwards—especially as my already mentioned arrangement concerning my offer to give other compositions was of no help—I allowed the aforesaid notice to be inserted in the paper.

"I do not know whether the publisher, Mollo, by himself prepared an edition of the said Quintet, but I presumed that he had undertaken the edition prepared by Artaria in company with the latter, from the fact that formerly when I was negotiating with Artaria respecting the suppression of the edition, he often spoke with me about the matter. He took interest in the edition, and in no way said to me that he had no part in it; and therefore I introduced his name in the notice.

"Concerning the statement of Artaria that he had received the Quintet from Count Fries for publication in a lawful manner, I must answer that formerly Count Fries told me by word of mouth, when I complained to him about the edition prepared by Artaria, that Artaria, under the aforementioned pretext, had craftily obtained the Quintet from him. I cannot understand how the Count in his attestation can say that Artaria and Co. begged him to allow them to publish the Quintet which he had

bought, which request I would willingly have granted to them. It seems to me that Count Fries, in giving this evidence, must have forgotten what he said to me.

"I must, in addition, remark that this document by Count Fries here produced points to a date long subsequent to this event, and it astonishes me very much that Artaria, when formerly I spoke with him about the suppression of his edition, did not at once make mention to me of the Count's gift.

"I cannot deny that at his request I corrected the two copies produced of the edition of my Quintet prepared by Artaria, but I must confess that, out of spite towards Artaria, I did not thoroughly examine and correct these copies; and I only undertook this correction, because, notwithstanding the deed signed by Artaria, I could not trust him in the matter of issuing his edition, and hence, in this case, wished to hinder him.

"In spite of my two corrections there are still many faults in the Artaria edition which can be seen if compared with a Leipzig copy; but I must acknowledge that afterwards I revised no copy of Artaria's edition, because he did not send me any.

"Moreover, I have done no injustice to Artaria in stating in the notice that it is very faulty, incorrect, and quite useless to the player, and this every connoisseur who compares the Leipzig edition with that of Artaria must acknowledge.

"Lastly, as I have written the truth in the afore-mentioned notice, I cannot in any way consent to retract it."

This draft of Beethoven's declaration is signed, to all appearance, in his own handwriting. To the best of my ability I have given a literal translation.

(To be continued.)

THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BAYREUTH, JULY 21ST, 1889.

To-day has seen the inauguration of another Wagner Festival, and, if one may judge by the first performance, it bids fair to be as interesting as any that has gone before. The names of the artists engaged are in themselves enough to promise a brilliant artistic success.

The little town is full of people, and amongst the celebrated personages who have already arrived are the King of Saxony, Prince William of Hesse, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Prince and Princess Reuss, besides several well-known characters in the art-world.

A vast concourse of people ascended the hill to the theatre this afternoon to hear "Parsifal," and to those with whom it was a first experience I think I may safely venture to say it was one they will never forget; while those who, like myself, have heard this marvellous work some ten or a dozen times will be able to echo with no little enthusiasm the words of Robert Schumann, "Of learning there is no end!" Who could ever weary of the picture of "Parsifal"—"the foolish, pure one," the very ideal of truth and purity? Who would not follow with ever new wonderment the development of the simple child of the woods as we at first behold him, when, after having drawn down upon himself the curse of the Knights of the Grail by his wanton murder of the swan he learns the story of the loss of the spear and the consequent incurable malady of Amfortas, through the terrible temptation and subsequent victory in the second act to the divine climax in the third, when, having not only conquered himself and recovered the sacred spear from the wicked Klingsor he procures the salvation of Kundry through his own refusal to yield to her subtle allurements; heals for ever the wound of Amfortas, and is himself anointed priest and king.

I think that all who were fortunate enough to hear this afternoon's performance will unanimously agree that a finer interpretation of the work could hardly be given. There were one or two inaccuracies, notably at the commencement of the second scene in the third act, when the bells, which are really very bad, clashed so fearfully with the orchestra, that for several seconds it seemed uncertain which would obtain the mastery. Great praise is due to the decided entry of the chorus of knights at this critical moment. It said much for the careful way in which they had been trained.

But such small accidents as these must be expected at a first per-

formance, and one much more serious than that I have mentioned would still be insufficient to detract one atom from the magnificent rendering of the whole thing. The following was the cast:—

Parsifal	Herr Vandyk
Kundry	Frau Materna.
Gurnemann	Herr Siehr.
Amfortas	Herr Reichman.
Klingsor	Herr Fuchs.
Titirel	Herr Hobbing.
Knights { First	Herr Grupp.
{ Second	Herr Widely.
Esquires. { First	Fraulein Kayser.
{ Second	Fraulein Francoini.
{ Third	Herr Hofmüller.
{ Fourth	Herr Guggenbühler.
Klingsor's Flower- { 1st Group	Fraulein Borchers.
Maidens. { 2nd Group	Fraulein Fritsch.
	Fraulein Hedinger.
	Fraulein Dressler.
	Fraulein Kayser.
	Fraulein Standhartner.

Herr Levi was the conductor. Personally I prefer Mottl's reading of the score, though I know many people consider him too slow. This is meant in no spirit of disparagement to Herr Levi, whose position as a conductor is so well established as to be almost beyond criticism.

All such as heard Van Dyck last year are delighted to hear the gifted Belgian artist in the character of Parsifal—a rôle particularly suited to him, as, in addition to a magnificent voice, a boundless power of dramatic expression and a clear enunciation, he is the fortunate possessor of a very handsome person, which adds considerably to the whole wonderful effect produced by him.

This afternoon he was, if possible, more impressive than ever. He realises the perfection of dramatic intensity—he ceases to be dramatic, he lives the part, and those who behold him must live with him. But to return to to-day's performance. The Kundry of Frau Materna was a superb masterpiece from beginning to end—certainly much finer than anything I heard her do last year. I have heard critics say that she is no longer young enough to take such a part, but I can only testify that this afternoon she was Materna—nay rather, she was Kundry. The acting of Reichmann as Amfortas was, as usual, very fine, but his rendering of the vocal part was at times as painfully out of tune as ever. This, however, is not altogether a matter of wonderment considering how trying a part is that of the wounded king. In purity of intonation he is undoubtedly far surpassed by Herr Scheidemann, whose absence this year will be a matter of regret to many. The Klingsor of Herr Fuchs was vividly real, his harangue at the window of the Zauberschloss being particularly fine. Herr Hobbing was very successful in his rendering of the difficult music allotted to Titirel, and the solo knights, esquires, and flower-maidens were all better than usual. I was again much struck by the beautiful voice of Herr Grupp. One very notable feature in the performance was the splendid delivery of the "Liebesmahlspruch" motif from the heights in the dome at the conclusion of the first act. Herr Siehr was somewhat unequal as Gurnemann. His voice is remarkably fine in quality, but, like Herr Reichmann, he does not sing in tune. His dramatic action was in certain places very fine; but for my own part I must candidly avow that I like Herr Wiegand in this rôle much better, his reading being much more devout, and in every way much more impressive. Herr Siehr was very fine, however, in his relation to the four esquires of the story of Amfortas, and promise of redemption. He is, I should say, more careful in details than Herr Wiegand, but lacks that artist's breadth of expression. The choruses of young men and maidens in the dome are a great improvement on those of last year, and Herr Porges is to be most warmly congratulated on having achieved so satisfactory a result. The Blumenmädchen chorus, again thanks to Herr Porges, is a distinct improvement on last year, and leaves absolutely nothing to be desired.

To-morrow I hope to see "Tristan," and on Wednesday "Die Meistersinger." Last year's performance of the latter opera has by no means diminished the popularity of the old Nürnberg musicians, to judge by the eagerness with which tickets for the five forthcoming performances are being bought up.

An old saying tells us that "Seeing's believing," and really I can understand that those who know Wagner in the concert room can have no idea of what he is on the stage. To "believe" they must "see," and to those who still have honest doubts as to Wagner's genius, I can only say "Come to Bayreuth and see—belief must follow."

The Organ World.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PLAIN-SONG AND PLAIN-SONG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR:—As the attention of the musical public is being called to the subject of Gregorian and mediæval music some remarks respecting the way in which Plain-Song has been at times efficiently or inefficiently used may not be out of place in your columns.

"Ex Oriente omnia" is an old saying which we constantly realise to be true; and the earliest forms of musical expression used by the Christian community, *e.g.*, those which St. Ignatius at Antioch and St. Basil at Neocesarea are said to have adopted were evidently derived from the services in the Jewish Temple. The partiality of St. Ambrose for Greek music may have modified for a time the Hebrew style, but enough of the antient Oriental character appears to have been preserved, as the four modes introduced into Italy by the good Bishop of Milan were accepted by Pope Gregory two centuries afterwards; and these four modes, with the four Plagal modes added by the latter Prelate, formed the groundwork upon which the whole structure of Church music was subsequently built. It was, we know, this reformed Gregorian system of Chant which towards the end of the Sixth Century became widely known as "Cantus planus," or "choralis," or "Romanus," and is that which we now commonly call Plain-Song as distinguished from lighter Figured Music:—

Gregorian tones, therefore, may well be recognised as the foundation on which a Church composer of the present day ought to build his work, when about to set any of the Canticles; and there is no necessity that he should go back to the limited knowledge of earlier centuries because he goes back to their dignified style. A remark made in a lecture at Oxford some years ago, by the late Sir Frederick Ouseley, brings out the force of this observation:—"I wish that those amongst you who are so fond of Gregorians had the spirit of that great man St. Gregory in you. He sought to advance the music of the period in which he lived. You apparently would exchange the musical knowledge of the XIXth Century for that of the VIth."

There is unquestionably a grandeur in Plain-Song which it is very difficult to equal. If we could only hear it as it was chaunted of old in Solomon's Temple with Hebrew words, or, as in the Sixth Century at Rome with Latin, we should find that the meaning and sentiment of the words were duly expressed; and this requirement Plain-Song ought to fulfil when applied to other languages. Sir John Stainer (see his Dictionary of Musical Terms) is apparently of this opinion, for he says, "When best understood and properly rendered it (Plain-Song) is a most entire and definite flow of melody in accordance with the accents of the words and the construction of the musical phrase combined."

Those who know what beautiful results Orlandus Lassus, Palestrina, and others have obtained in the "alla capella" style will heartily concur with this remark; but, alas, there is Plain-Song and Plain-Song, and during the last three centuries English Church musicians when setting the canticles in Plain-Song, *i.e.*, according to one of the antient modes, have taken upon themselves to treat the words with contempt and make utter nonsense of the most sacred and beautiful phrases. With these composers one object alone has evidently been kept in view, *viz.*, the working out of a musical subject or a pair of musical subjects which run, with a certain amount of variation, but with little or no attention to the words, throughout the canticle. That this has been accomplished with a sufficiency of musical skill cannot be denied, but that these examples are what some would have us believe, "triumphs of musical art," or even good specimens of the acknowledged talent of those masters who produced them may seriously be doubted.

Among the earliest specimens of Church music that have come down to us is the Ambrosian setting of "Te Deum laudamus," the first portion of which seems to belong to the end of the fourth century. From time immemorial this grand and quaintly beautiful hymn has been sung in the churches that own the Roman Communion: and we gladly render to such a relic of ancient art respect similar to that which we owe to a painting by Cimabue or Giotto.

From the Venerable Bede we learn that music held a prominent position in this country when Pope Gregory's mission introduced to it the knowledge of Plain-Song; and England may well be proud of the proficiency of her sons shown by examples of remarkable skill which have been left to us from early days; but what—with all our love of English music and our reverence for Plain-Song—can we say on behalf of those would-be archaic settings of the Te Deum and Benedictus in Dorian and other modes which, from the period of the Reformation down to the present age, have from time to time been produced in England? In these, with very few exceptions, the words have been misarranged and confused, the accents being placed—almost purposely, some might think, in wrong places, so that the sense becomes utterly destroyed!

To give an instance of this, and that from a sufficiently recent specimen of the last century, *viz.*, Boyce in A: "Lord have mercy UP-on us," is only one out of many hundreds of examples where the words have been degraded into sheer nonsense. The earliest examples are not, perhaps the very worst; but one shudders to think that adaptive power was wanting, and, still more strangely, that supervision of scholarly authority was wanting in Queen Elizabeth's time, when such corruptions of beautiful words derived from Scriptural sources were introduced into English Cathedrals. Archbishop Cranmer was no longer living, or his good taste would never have sanctioned such marring of the meaning of the text. He banished figured music, we know, from the English services, but he did so through the strong desire that Plain-Song should be "*clarus et aptus, ut ad auditorum omnia sensum et intelligentiam proveniant*" (Reformatio Legum de Div. Off. cap. 5).

To those musicians of our own time who say (what we have actually heard said), "Oh! never mind the words," one can only bow and observe, that if *their* views be taken, *i.e.*, if the words and the drift of the words be ignored, then the so-called setting is not a setting of the hymn at all, but only a musical exercise.

But for knowing how universally the unknown passes for the marvellous it would be difficult to understand how English congregations have so long endured what must have made many of them feel very unwell, as the mutilated words were ground out to the quantum of unseasonable music. Of the direct result upon the physical organs from some of these specimens of what I will call "the dry-bone school" I can mention one notable case.

In 1868 a distinguished foreign artist and admirer of the antient music of the Roman Church visited Westminster Abbey. It was a Friday, and Tallis's Te Deum and Benedictus were given. My friend said he tried very hard to like it, but could not; it affected him with severe internal pain; one portion, to his mind, resembled dogs howling in sympathetic misery,—and had it not been for the relief afforded by the Tierce de Picardie at the end of the Benedictus he could not have remained for Gloria Patri.

It will perhaps be said that appreciation of these and similar specimens is the result of taste acquired through education; but no amount of scientific training can palliate the barbarism of riding roughshod over words which profess to be intelligently set. Such a misuse of music is as inconsistent with the views of Archbishop Cranmer as it is with those expressed by Sir John Stainer; and for that reason I do not hesitate to say that the settings to which I have alluded are unfit examples of the application of Plain-Song, and quite out of place in Divine Service. They should be framed and glazed, and hung round the lecture-room as curiosities for the perusal of musical students; they might well be heard at certain antient concerts, but never in church, since they do not carry out the interpretation which they profess to undertake for the use of worshippers.

There are times of deep mourning, as on Good Friday, when Music professedly veils her face and refrains from expressing aught that gives pleasure; but at no time and in no place—certainly never within consecrated walls—ought there to be a contest between words that should be treated with special reverence and the music that professes to be wedded to them.

Should any of your readers deem that this opinion is too severe, or not formed sufficiently from what some would call "a musician's point of view," I would point out that the artistic feeling of a true musician teaches that whenever vocal music is being set the sense of the words ought to be a chief consideration, and that this necessity is none the less binding when solemn phrases are intended for the benefit of men's souls.

A music-publisher has to uphold the current value of his wares, and must therefore oppose anything approaching reform of what is bad or incongruous: but it is not the province of true Art to countenance for commercial purposes what merely tends to perpetuate stagnation; neither is it the part of true musical science to furnish forth settings of the Church

Canticles which open contempt for the words renders unsuitable for the purposes of intelligent devotion.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

Dean's Yard, Westminster.

FREDERICK K. HARFORD.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF ORGANISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ORGAN WORLD."

SIR: I have read with much interest Mr. Gilbert Webb's able article in the "Organ World" of July 6. There is one point that Mr. Webb has not touched upon, namely, the selection of works performed by organists at recitals and as voluntaries.

I scarcely ever see the programme of a recital which does not contain a number of "arrangements" from works which were never intended for the organ.

It seems to me that if the organ cannot stand on its own merits, it is hardly worth while to give recitals upon it at all. As a matter of fact, however, it stands entirely by itself in the kingdom of music, and to use it merely as a makeshift for the orchestra, or voices, is to degrade this most noble and majestic of instruments into a mere hack, and to try and force it to do what it is unfitted for; the result being in most cases, an indignity both to the instrument and the works performed.

I know well all the arguments that are usually advanced in favour of arrangements, but I cannot admit that they hold water; and I am firmly convinced that until arrangements are eliminated from the repertoire of the organ, or, at least, are introduced in a very limited and exceptional way, the Organ Recital will never take its proper place as one of the higher branches of musical performance.

Many of the classical masters, and a host of good modern composers have written for the organ, and their works are not so well known but that they will not bear a good deal of repetition for some time to come.

As to the consideration of "what pays," I have yet to learn that an artist's first consideration should be how to get rich in the quickest and easiest way. He had much better go into business if art can offer him no higher aim than this.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

C. F. ABDY WILLIAMS.

ORGANISTS' STIPENDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR.—It is difficult to imagine a more telling, I may say a more pathetic testimony, to the miserable underpayment of church organists than a paragraph in "The Musical Times" for June, which praises as an exceptional piece of liberal dealing an advertisement offering £80 a year, and a "choir of ladies and gentlemen." This last inducement, added from a consciousness that the salary was in itself inadequate, is not, I suppose, to be taken literally, as an assurance of the high breeding of the individual members of the choir; but means, in ordinary language, a choir of amateurs; and described thus, it appears a doubtful advantage.

I have another advertisement before me now, offering an organist £20 a year, "to include tuning;" and adding, with an effrontery which could hardly be matched in any other profession:—"Growing sea-side town; good opening for music pupils."

Let me beg your readers to imagine parallel cases. Suppose a painter were asked to decorate the chancel of a church, and were required to accept a reduced salary on the ground that he would not have a staff of regular workmen at his disposal, but a body of "ladies and gentlemen!" And suppose that a cathedral chapter advertised for a minor canon, and asked him to accept £20 a year, on the ground that there were plenty of boys in the neighbourhood, furnishing possible employment for a private tutor! This parallel, however, fails in one point; to become a good parish organist requires an abler man, and more hard work, than to qualify for a minor canonry, in my judgment, and I have been through most of the necessary training for both posts.

But twenty pounds a year, sir, just think! About eight shillings a week; the pay of a sandwich-man; not more than a tithe of what some of the piano-organ-grinders make; pay at the same rate per hour (if we reckon only the actual hours of service, and omit the necessary practice and thought, and all consideration of previous training) as a carpenter; the whole year's salary equal to the fee paid for one performance to some singer who was, perhaps, the organist's fellow student at the music school,

with far less application, and not half his musical faculty, while the principals in some pantomimes are paid £50 a week.

You will refer me, perhaps, to the law of supply and demand; and it is true that in this so-called unmusical country, a very large number of men could be found ready to serve as organists for nothing but love of the art, having other means of livelihood; I have heard of one organist who spends more than the amount of his salary each year on the maintenance of the church organ; but most cannot afford to work for nothing, and the thorough discharge of an organist's duties now-a-days takes up an amount of his week-day time which few outsiders would credit; at certain seasons it may fill up the whole week; things are altered since the blacksmith, or anyone that could play a familiar hymn tune, was sufficient for the post. The standard has been raised and the work increased for organists as much as for clergy; but while the pay of a curate has been doubled or trebled during the century, the organist's has remained the same, or has been reduced, in some recent cases, on the score of "hard times," though it is needless to point out that hard times affect the organist as much as other people. I heard of a case where an eminent organist was asked to find a man for a parish church; he asked what salary was offered, and was told, "Forty pounds." "How long has it been £40?" they inquired, and found it was a century. "£40 a century ago was equal to £100 to-day; make it £100, and I will find you a man." And they did; and poor enough too.

Another bad practice is the test-clause in advertisements for an organist: "must be a communicant;" often supplemented by an oral examination of candidates on their religious opinions. It is natural that a vicar should wish to be assured that his organist is respectable and reverent, and not an open and scandalous professor of heresy; but most Churchmen will surely agree in deploring the use of the sacrament as a religious test; and in the present transition of thought it is obviously hopeless for a layman, unskilled in technical terms, to attempt to explain his private religious opinions to a total stranger, even if he be willing to submit to the insult of such an inquisition. It is to be hoped that these practices will disappear, and along with them the advertisements they give rise to, such as: "Organist requires post: brilliant player and constant communicant."

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

STUDENT.

CHURCH MUSIC.*

(Continued from page 452.)

A WORD TO THE CLERGY.

Let the clergy practice their own vocal organs, and not spoil and mar the services by their frequently absurd attempts at intoning and singing. Nine out of every ten clergymen I meet are unable to sing the service in tune. Most of these, with a little attention and trouble, could get over the difficulty.—"Where there's a will there's a way." Vocal music should become a *sine qua non* in the curriculum of all candidates for holy orders.

Do let me beg of the younger clergy, at least, to study the elements of singing, declamation, and elocution, and cultivate a sense of pitch, before taking upon themselves the most solemn public functions. Surely a deep sense of reverence and humility, in keeping with their holy calling, should prompt them to undertake this!

Let me say here, with as much delicacy as I can command, that it does not seem to me right for a clergyman, as a rule, to interfere with the work of the organist and choirmaster. The fact is patent to all who will see it that the clergyman has not had the special training of the organist. So far as possible, let each keep to his own line and his own proper work, both having the same high object in view, but cordially, harmoniously, mutually, aiding and assisting one another. Much unkindly feeling may thus be avoided, allowing "peace and goodwill" to reign where, too often, is discord, heart burnings, and unhappiness.

PROPOSED FOUNDATION OF CHOIR SCHOOLS.

For the better instruction of choir boys in our towns, let me recommend the founding of central choir schools. In Torquay, Dartmouth, or Paignton, with a little more sympathy, unity, and pulling together on the part of the different churches and parishes, this might easily be done. Supposing here, in Torquay, e.g., the Harris Memorial School could be made a central

*A Paper read at the Ipplepen Deanery Conference, June 13, 1889, by T. EOTLANDS-SMITH, Exeter Diocesan Choirmaster.

choir school for the town and neighbourhood, to which all the boys of the various choirs might be sent for fees paid by each church, and be there thoroughly taught to sing from note to use their voices properly, and a good knowledge of music given to them, together with a thoroughly sound middle class education, and Latin, and French, and German. Don't you think this would be a grand way of attaining our aim—viz., the improvement of Church Music? Moreover, see what a hold you would be gaining over the middle class of a town, and how you might instil good church feeling in their families through the boys of your choirs.

What a splendid opportunity for some of our rich laymen and wealthy ladies to deny themselves a few fleeting but costly pleasures in order to be able to do such a "good work" for the Church.

It needs only a few thousand pounds to endow such a school. Our churches would then be provided with well-trained and well-educated choristers; our choirmasters saved much drudgery that takes up so large a portion of the ordinary choir practices. And time now devoted in this way might then be given to those finishing touches that add refinement, feeling, and power to choral music.

ADVICE TO CONGREGATIONS.

Again, the expressive effect which *unison* in vocal music is capable of producing, is not so universally appreciated as it ought to be. In congregational singing the essential conditions for ensuring a correct and pure harmony are wanting, and are, moreover, unattainable. Would it not be wise then to discourage, as far as possible, the singing of any harmony whatever by the congregation?

A learned writer has observed—"The cultivation of good unison congregational singing will probably be one of the features of future church music; and such singing would open up new possibilities with regard to the use of our church organs as accompanying mediums, not to add new effects of contrast between a massive congregational unison and the vocal harmonies of trained choirs."

According to the Church of England Prayer Book, the chief service of every Sunday should be that of Holy Communion—the only service ordained by Christ, our Lord. This, of course, should be rendered chorally, with all the beauty that instrumental and vocal music combined with the ritual of the Church can give. It seems to me that on festival days we should have the best and most elaborate music written for *this service*, using female voices where necessary, and as many stringed and other instruments as can be procured. Masses by the great masters, and by Schubert, Weber, Gounod, and others, are, in my judgment, utterly unsuitable for use in our service. They were written for the Latin Mass, in which the *Kyrie* is followed by the *Gloria in excelsis*, that by the *Credo*, *Sanctus*, *Benedictus*, and *Agnus Dei*. If you shift or re-arrange the music of the composer to make it fit *our service*, you rob it of its naturally sequential character, and mar its general effect. However, we have in the fine services of Henry Smart, Goss, Stainer, Monk, Barnby, Hoyte, and a host of others, more than sufficient of the best music for our needs. I should like to point out that we have no instruction to sing the *Kyrie* after the Commandments, just as we are not told we may sing the Confession at matins, evensong, and Holy Communion. It is a mistake to do so in either case, since it entirely destroys the effect of the *solemn preparation* at each service, and at the same time cuts out many who cannot sing from making their confession, or from pleading for the mercy of God and asking for His aid.

For our matins and evensong canticles simple services—whether of Anglican or Gregorian type—are, I think, best. Chants will not suffice to bring out and clothe their varied meanings. They should be sung with dignity and ease, avoiding an unintelligible gabble on the one hand and a disagreeable drawl on the other.

(To be continued.)

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

The "Fellowship" Diplomas were distributed on July 19 at the college. The Hon. Sec. introduced Professor Sir John Stainer. That gentleman, who met with a very cordial reception, said in the course of his observations that in spite of competition the number of candidates was larger than ever before. The level standard of excellence, especially in organ playing, was a matter for remark, while he praised the just severity of the examination. He said that a clergyman would now for the first time receive the F.C.O. Diploma; this was the Rev. John Hurst. Sir John thought this a good

sign, and would rejoice to see many clergymen come up for a musical and an organist's examination. It would be good for both Church and profession. Sir John then passed on to consider the question, Why did men want diplomas and degrees? In the first place they appealed to English minds as of a commercial value as so much professional capital. Socially, again, men with good diplomas were, as a general rule, better accepted. These diplomas had also an intellectual value, and this was their greatest value. A body of responsible examiners pronounced a judgment of value to the successful candidate's own mind. Those who took the diplomas had a responsibility; it was their duty to see that the Examinations maintained their high standard; just as it was the examiner's duty to see that only fully worthy candidates passed. Sir John Stainer noticed the presence of a lady who had succeeded, Miss Fowle, of the Royal College of Music, whose playing had proved to be of a very high character. With regard to his Oxford appointment, he said that while maintaining the high standards, he was not disposed to support the popular notion that the University Professor was appointed in order to prevent others from obtaining degrees. He would diligently carry forward his work in a broad spirit.

Dr. J. F. Bridge, in proposing a vote of thanks to Sir John Stainer, said that now he lived out of London his friends in town saw more of him than before, and he said that the College was indeed grateful to Sir John, its valued President, for his kind attendance on the present occasion.

Mr. C. E. Stephens, in seconding this vote, said Sir John was a cosmopolitan musician, taking broad and liberal views of the art, and in his powerful position would do great good. He also spoke of the importance of securing good diplomas, and concluded by speaking of the value of Sir John Stainer's presence and kind wise words.

The proposal was heartily endorsed by the audience.

In his reply, Sir John Stainer said it was quite true that he saw more than ever of his friends, and expressed much pleasure at being present. He also, amidst cheers of congratulation, spoke of his greatly improved health. He referred to the announcement of the Prince of Wales that the Royal College were to take joint action in conducting local examinations. He said that this would be a good initial step towards the future amalgamation of our great musical institutions, which might lead to the establishment of a great central London University of Music. Competition, he thought, was not always good in art, union would be better in its results.

The hon. sec., Mr. E. H. Turpin, was the recipient of a vote of thanks on the proposal of Mr. J. Higgs and Dr. C. J. Frost.

Sir John Stainer, in proposing a cordial vote of thanks to the hon. treasurer, referred to the solid financial position of the College as in a great measure due to his earnest labours.

The following is a list of Fellows passed last week, arranged in alphabetical order:—W. Bentham, Accrington; J. H. P. Dean, Cornbrook, Manchester; T. Ely, Pimlico; Miss M. Fowle, Royal College of Music; J. I. Glover, Stourport; Cuthbert Harris, Islington; Rev. J. Hurst, Tollington Park; B. Jackson, Battersea; E. Kiver, London; A. Pearson, Huddersfield; A. W. Russe, Blandford; T. Sharples, Swinton, Manchester; C. de Souza, Newmarket; E. Thornby, Hollingsworth, Manchester; G. A. A. West, Cheltenham.

According to the custom of the College, the examiner and candidates were unknown to each other; the candidates knew the result by the first post on the morning following the examination, and at 11 o'clock received their diplomas and hoods. Such methods and results are unique in the history of examinations.

NOTES.

Mr. Jekyll, organist to the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and not Dr. Bridge, as first stated, will be the organist to-day at the marriage of the Princess Louise of Wales to the Earl of Fife in Buckingham Palace. The new anthem "O Perfect Love," written for this occasion, has been composed by Mr. Joseph Barnby. Report says the anthem will be sung in many churches to-morrow.

A stained-glass window is to be placed in Gloucester Cathedral as a memorial of the late Canon Harvey.

Members of the College of Organists are hereby specially reminded that the Annual General Meeting will be held on Tuesday next at 8 o'clock.

The Dramatic World.

LA TOSCA.—HER FATHER'S SIN.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 24TH, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDHOUSE,—

Last week I undertook to tell you something about *La Tosca*; and I said also that I waited an opportunity to reply to "our pessimist correspondent," who wrote so unhelpfully of the British stage, now a fortnight ago. Let me try to kill two birds with one stone, and answer him in reviewing the French play and its players.

I must remind you that I promised, in my first letter, that you—coming up from your retirement in the Chiltern Hundreds—should find that our London stage had nowadays "an art quite of its own: peculiar, limited, sometimes timid and sometimes overbold, yet in the main original, individual, and modern." These words applied mainly to the acting, not the plays, while our correspondent spoke much of the plays, little of the acting; but to-day I will confine myself to the stage-player, and will speak of the stage-writer in a week or so.

The thing which struck me most in "*La Tosca*," after Madame Bernhardt's superb performance and the play itself, was the acting of M. Berton as Scarpia—the most important part in the piece, after the all-important one. M. Berton is an actor who has held a high position on the Parisian stage for many years; the vigour and stagecraft of his Scarpia, much praised by the English critics, were of great value to the play; and I venture to say that such a piece of acting in an English drama would have been laughed or hissed off the stage on the first night.

There was no attempt to copy nature in it at all. The part was stagily written, and the actor treated it in a style of pure convention. He shouted and stamped and "took the stage," as they did at the Surrey twenty years ago; as they dare not, even at the Surrey, to-day.

I might quote many other examples, in this and many other French plays; but one is worth a hundred. Notice, I beg you, when this melodrama comes to be acted at the Garrick, how the actor who plays it there treats the *tirades*—probably greatly shortened—and the stage "points" of the rôle.

He will try—he dare not but try—to be a little like an ordinary human being; and, as the character is *not* a character but a stage-villain, it is exceedingly possible that he may fail, and that some attempt to be natural at the wrong moment or in the wrong way may weaken or destroy some strong "situation" of the play.

Our actors try to be natural, to be "realistic"; there is their merit and their charm. Many of them lack a thorough training in their art; and, as to be natural is the most difficult of all things, therein lies their danger. Therefore they do little things—small comedy-sketches of character—admirably, perfectly often; therefore, alas, they often fail, at present, in the broad strokes needful for the painting of full-size figures. One merit, too, we have in our English theatre more perhaps than any others; we take infinite pains. And again, men and women of culture are with us going on to the stage, every day more and more.

This is the beginning of my case, my lord: I hope to develop it hereafter. Yet let me point out, that I hold no brief, either for defence or prosecution. I put in a few words as *amicus curiæ*; and if I own that I am *amicus Roscii* as well—surely, sir, we are all his friends, and know him to be an exceeding honest fellow in all times!

And as to *La Tosca* and *La Bernhardt*. The latter is superb indeed, in the comedy as in the melodrama of the part; greatest, of course, when now and then she raises the whole play to tragedy for a moment. I suppose such a part could not be more finely acted; one's "fell of hair" rose with horror; and yet—how much more Léna, with her simple love and death, moved one; how much better one remembers it; how much rather one would see it again!

For Sardou has followed the current, as usual, in this play. He is clever enough to give us stage-realism, now that he sees it is coming into fashion, just as he would have given us stage-romance if he had lived when Alfred de Musset was king. He drops his complexity, his clever intrigue; he does not set before us five acts of plot, but gives us five scenes of passion. We are supping full of horrors just now. Zola makes us sick with "*La Terre*," Ibsen makes us shudder with "*Ghosts*;" and Sardou will not be left out.

So, take him or leave him as you will—but at least be thankful that while he shocks he does not bore. The drama of the horrible has always been; and Sardou at least does not dress up his horrors as science or as sermonising.

And now, my dear Mr. Fieldhouse, I need not inform a man of your culture that unity is the one great essential of all art—even of the poor little art of criticism, the ugly sister of the family. It would be flying in the face of Aristotle—and as I hardly know him this would be a liberty—to turn to your charming (and long-promised) comments on "*Sweet Lavender*" when one had hardly shaken hands with the "*Tosca*" stained with blood. This week we have begun with melodrama; let us be melodramatic to the end, even though we step down from the terrible to the ridiculous—from Sardou-Sarah at the Lyceum to a *matinée* at the Strand.

Some people, worthy sir, tell us that though there be final and unchanging laws in science, there are none in morals or in art; that $2 + 2 = 4$ is the only Eternal Verity: that what was moral (or, I suppose, beautiful) yesterday, may be very much the reverse to-morrow.

Take public morals. We know that an intolerable tyranny of to-day would have been a mild and beneficent sovereignty a thousand years ago: so that it follows—since one example is always held in controversy to prove a rule—that murder may be held as laudable in A.D. 3,000 as suicide was, by the Romans, in B.C. 3, and that a masterpiece of our art in 1889 may be reckoned a daub in 9881. (And, indeed, there is a certain amount of likelihood that it will.)

These profound and novel reflections, not hitherto applied to dramatic criticism, have this bearing on the play called "*Her Father's Sin*," produced at the Strand Theatre on Tuesday: that its author—who with astonishing modesty remained anonymous—might (with certain reservations) have been considered a very excellent playwright of the Fitzball school, had he but flourished in the period of Fitzball. But, alas, he lives to-day, and (as a dramatist) does not flourish at all—for I firmly decline to believe that he is Mr. Pinero in disguise.

His drama is like this. It begins with a terrific oath to avenge a murderer or perish in the attempt—note the alternative, for it is of the essence of the contract. It continues—as it is absolutely unnecessary to say—with the mutual falling in love of avenger and murderer; and it ends with the unmasking of the latter to the former, and the fulfilment of the oath in the drinking off, by the avenger, of the cup of cold poison intended for the guilty man. (It was a glass of palpable Gilbey; but no matter.)

Here be good horrors, surely. Here should the Adelphi of

1840 have been properly thrilled; but to-day at the Strand they laughed inextinguishably. Yet there was a certain amount of idea in the play: which was stagey and old perhaps, but which might have been made telling—by a dramatist. Unluckily the author had not the one thing needful, above all, for a melodramatist: the *technique*, the knowledge of his art, which a Fitzball requires even more than a Shakespeare. He started picturesquely enough—it is so easy to start well. He ended with a certain crude strength—and it is very far from easy to end well. But all the interim “was a phantasma and a hideous dream.” The figures were blurred and meaningless, and came and went one knew not whence nor whither, “men as trees walking”—and alas! in some cases as sticks. For, in his acting as well as his plays, the lot of the matinee is not a happy one; and after the first act—to which thorough justice was done by Messrs. Beauchamp and Frank Cooper, and by Mesdames Brooke, Meller, and Agnes Verity—there was little to be said in praise of the performance of “Her Father’s Sin.”

And now, perhaps, you think I owe you an apology for the dramatic goods I have sent by my weekly carrier to the Chiltern Hills? I think so myself; and so beg your pardon, and remain your ever penitent

MUS IN URBE.

NOTES AND NEWS.

There is a performance to be seen this week at Sadler’s Wells Theatre—by those who care to see it—of an interest rather melancholy. It will be remembered that some months ago “the unemployed” of the lower ranks of the theatrical hierarchy, met in council, like other unemployed—if the plural is permissible—and loudly asked for help: for justice, one might almost say, only that it does not seem exactly unjust of a manager to refuse to engage any special actor. Perhaps, however, their plea might be formulated thus: “We are actors who know our business, and we are kept out of work by novices ‘in society,’ whose recommendations are that they dress well and cost little—sometimes nothing.” To them certain of the managers replied with some kindness and courtesy, offering them employment as “supers”—nowadays we all know what a super is—and further, we believe, promising to give some help towards their getting a theatre and giving a series of performances: to prove their case, as it were. The engagements as supers they are said to have declined, with a pride surely misplaced, on the part of those who were—as they said, perhaps truly enough—starving. But the theatre they have; and all London, if it will, may go to see them.

But it is to be feared that London will not. Their performance of an old fashioned transpontine melodrama—the “Orange Girl”—tells its own story only too clearly. It is not merely that the style of almost every man among them is a bygone style, stagey in a fashion that we have outgrown many years ago. Several of their number are, in spite of this, trained actors, with the full voices and free action which novices can never have: quite worth their salt, if they would take the pains to earn it, in many of the travelling companies which play the more modern equivalents of the “Orange Girl” throughout the provinces. But the trouble is, the sadness of it is, that they do not take pains. These actors who have now their chance—it may be their last chance—have not seized it and worked eagerly and unanimously, rehearsed from morning till night, to show how the old unfashionable actor can act. Judging from their performance, they can hardly have had more than three or four rehearsals. Not only were one or two of them grossly imperfect, but the whole performance was slovenly; cues were not sharply taken up, the actors did not play together, from end to end there was a want of care, of thought, of honest work. A sad sight, indeed; yet perhaps not so sad as if these men had proved their case—had shown that in these days many hardworking, capable actors cannot get work at any price.

There is a chance for that picturesque but easy-going institution, the

House of Peers, to do some real and useful work. Let it arise, and shake itself, and postpone the fatal blow of the woodman’s axe at its roots! The Lower House, in a moment of misdirected energy, has carried—orsome bigoted faddists who snatched a majority have carried—a cruel and oppressive measure directed against some of the most helpless in the land. Many children in the slums of our great cities have yearly obtained training, and warmth, and temporary cleanliness, and money, by a few hours’ daily or nightly work in our theatres: a work which was only a species of drill, healthy, invigorating, and not too hard for the tiniest youngster. These poor little things came mostly from the lowest ranks, and to them the atmosphere of the theatre was far purer and better than that of the courts and alleys, where they romped and rolled too often till midnight. Associations, no doubt less refined than those of most middle-class homes, were to them a revelation of courtesy and morality. Even the ballet—strange as the fact may seem to many religious members of the House of Commons—are of necessity hard-working and well-trained members of a “profession” whose calling is an art; and though they are rough girls enough, vulgar enough, unfitted in many ways to associate with ladies or with ladies’ children, yet they have picked up a kind of education from their work and the better of their comrades, which raises them worlds above the women who make night hideous in the courts of Drury-lane. The poor children love their work; their schoolmasters welcome it, finding that it makes them more easy to teach and to train—“makes little ladies and gentlemen of them,” said one enthusiast; their wages get them decent food and clothes; and the public loves to pay its shillings to see them toddle about, happy and smiling, on the huge stage, as fairies in the pantomime.

While referring to a singular similarity in the titles of “Her Father’s Sin” and “Her Father”—two new plays recently produced at *matinées*—we omitted to mention that so long ago as 1884 a three-act drama, by Mr. H. A. Rudall, called “Her Father’s Friend,” was announced on the programme of the Court Theatre when that house was under the late Mr. Clayton’s management. The play was read and the parts distributed; but, owing to various unforeseen difficulties, it was never produced.

The management of the Court Theatre have done boldly in relying upon two practically unknown authors for the two plays which constitute their present programme; but they have done successfully, so virtue is its own reward. We beg our readers to make a mental note of the name of Mr. A. M. Heathcote, which will, we fancy, be as new to them as it is to us. We do not know whether Mr. Heathcote is a young man or an old; indeed, we have not the slightest proof that he is not a young, old, or middle-aged woman, beyond the fact that women (excepting only “Delphine Gay”) do not usually write good plays—and that A. M. Heathcote has written a very charming one. There is an exceedingly pretty idea, delicately carried out, in “His Toast,” and one capital sketch of character; and we may fairly prophesy that its author will do more, and, let us hope, bigger work in the days to come. The *jeune troupe* at the Court is hardly equal to the more serious parts of a little comedy like this; but Mr. Denison availed himself skilfully of his excellent chance as the “sketch of character” just mentioned.

“Aunt Jack,” by Mr. Ralph Lumley, is no doubt a step down after the brilliant trio of comic plays which filled the last years of Mr. Clayton’s reign at the Court. They were comedy-farce; it is farce-burlesque. But it is, on the whole, very funny; and moreover it is, except for a needless line here and there, quite without offence. It bristles with impossibilities, which one is always willing to allow in farce if they are funny; and with improbabilities, which should be avoided, for they annoy one. But it is capitally acted on the whole, and everybody laughs; and very likely some of the improbabilities, and a certain want of completeness in the story-parts of the case which are opened and not then gone into, as the counsel for the defence might say—are due to the vigorous “cutting” to which the piece has evidently submitted; no doubt, on the whole, to its advantage. Dramatic experts would, we believe, consider the times of duration of the three acts—36 minutes, 39 minutes, and 25 minutes respectively—almost the ideal for farcical comedy; with the possible reservation that the second act might yet bear a reduction of five minutes.

M. JEAN DE RESZKE.

This great Polish tenor was born at Warsaw, January 14, 1852, and received his first instruction in music from his mother, who was herself a finished amateur. He subsequently studied under Ciaffai, Cotogni, and Sbriglia, and, under the name of "De Reschi," made his *début* at Venice as Alfonso in "Favorita." This was in January, 1874, and three months later he made his first appearance in England, at Drury Lane, in the same part. He sang during the season of 1876 at "Les Italiens," and at Madrid in 1879. In 1884 he was engaged at the Théâtre des Nations, where he appeared as St. John the Baptist in Massenet's "Hérodiade," and, a year later, created the title rôle in the same composer's "Cid." In 1887 he reappeared at Drury Lane, and has since sung each year at Covent Garden in a large number of operas, the most successful being "Faust," "Lohengrin," and "Gli Ugonotti." In London, as in Paris, he is regarded by many as the legitimate successor of Mario, and there can be little doubt that he is fully entitled to this high esteem, by the superb power and quality of his voice, the excellence of his technical abilities, and the grace and dignity of his acting. It is not uninteresting as illustrating his personal character to note that M. de Reszke has sung for three successive seasons under precisely the same financial conditions, not being as rapacious as are some equally great artists. He will return to us next season, when his already extensive repertoire will be enlarged by the addition of three new rôles—those, namely, in "Le Prophète," "Carmen," and "Tannhäuser."

THE DEGRADATION OF SINGING.

The age is not wanting in critical Jeremiahs and Malachis, who cease not by day or night to denounce the iniquities of contemporary makers and performers of music. We—by "we" must be understood England, for no nation is a hero to its own critics—have no composers whom posterity will assign a place besides the giants of old; we have no performers who are worthy to tie the ghostly shoes of the dead; Grisi, Malibran, Mario, Lablache—there are no singers to-day to take their places. At present we have no concern with these, whose eyes and ears are bent to the Past, nor do we care to inquire how true are these assertions of our present inferiority in musical matters. There was never yet a grandfather whose memory did not go back to some golden age; moreover, it is obviously impossible to decide whether our Pattis, our Tamagnos, our de Reszkes are or are not to be compared with the dead singers. Future generations will perhaps be more fortunate, for they have the perfected phonograph of the ingenious Mr. Edison; but for us, we have only our memories, and the memories of our corner-keeping relatives, wherewith to measure reputations. Accordingly, as has been said, there is no intention to enter, in the scope of the present article, into any comparisons between the vocal excellences of the modern and the past times. We rather desire to draw attention to a particular sphere of the vocal art in which a serious and unmistakable degradation has taken place within the last few years, and the extent and importance of which have, it appears, been scarcely realised even by those whose office it should be to warn the artistic community of all such impending catastrophes. Perhaps this neglect is due to the fact that in the best circles of æsthetic culture, the love of orchestral music has advanced with satisfactory speed, and there has therefore been some natural tendency on the part of the few who are really competent to observe and criticise, to pay attention to this branch of art, while neglecting that of singing—except, indeed, so far as the opera is concerned.

In theory, this may seem not only natural, but right. In practice, it is otherwise. For the increased facilities for musical education have brought about a vast increase in the army of singers. Individual musical ability when below a certain average, tends more quickly to show itself in vocal than in instrumental music; for it is obviously more easy to sing a simple song with a fair amount of credit to the performers, and satisfaction to the hearers, than to play a violin solo or to take part in chamber or orchestral music. Moreover, in spite of the improved condition of a certain small but happily growing class, the vast majority of concert-goers care more for vocal than for instrumental music, but unfortunately are equally unable in either case to discriminate between good and bad. And since, in the matters which concern the artistic, not less than in those which concern the political side of a people, the majority has the first and most undeniable claim on consideration, it is high time that attention should be drawn to

the lamentable fact, indicated in the title of this article, that what may be termed domestic singing has undergone, within the course of a very few years, a marked degradation which, it must be feared, has not even yet reached its lowest level. And, as will be seen, this corruption has set in not only in modern singing, but in the compositions—decompositions were a better word—which are produced by our most popular song-writers for the delectation of the public.

And what, then, are the more salient features of this disease? A few years ago the ballad was a simple composition; it certainly touched no strongly-vibrant chord of passion, appealed to no very deep emotion. It might have reflected the primness, the domesticity, of its time; it occupied itself largely with the vegetable kingdom; or, in decorously quaint language, celebrated a somewhat Arcadian life of pleasure. Then a change came about. An ingenious verse-writer commenced to sing of the woes of beggar maidens, or the supposititious sweetness of the white-robed chorister, and the subsequent apotheosis of both. Perhaps there was something a trifle mawkish about the sentiment. Nobody really cared about the sweet-faced chorister, because one felt quite sure that no chorister ever lived who had any other dreams than of toffee to be eaten in service-time, or something equally mundane. Nobody could weep himself into much pity for the ragged match girls who invariably died in cathedrals amidst halos of angels because one need not be a cynic to know that it is not a habit of dirty little children to die in this romantic way. The first verse was always accompanied by slow full chords, of a hymn-like nature; and the last, by triplet passages in the style of M. Gounod in his weakest moments. But still there was nothing essentially hurtful in this class of songs, though such emotion as they aroused were unreal and transient, and they seem indeed real and of permanent worth, when compared with the style of ballad now prevalent. The ballad of to-day deals exclusively with amatory questions. Certainly there is nothing very surprising in this, for, after all, love has been the favourite text of the poets since the foundation of the world—and strange, indeed, are some of the sermons that have been preached therefrom. It is true that absolute poetic genius can, to some extent, sanctify even the darkest and more dangerous ways in which Love's younger brother, who bears another name, chooses to walk; and, did the modern song-writer confine himself to setting nothing but the results of absolute genius, few would complain. The matter is, however, that for the most part he leaves the poets alone, and procures some feeble poetaster to write him weak, morbid, or senseless parodies of the work of stronger men. It would be easily possible to illustrate this point very amply, but there can be few who will not readily admit its truth. The mawkish sentiment of the school girl who has read too eagerly stray pieces of Byron or Swinburne, without the ability to discern the superb qualities which have redeemed both from their youthful follies or excesses; the epicene sensations, not worthy to be dignified by the holy name of passion; stifled cries, kisses "straight between the brows," the everlasting dead love—was love ever alive in the thoughts of such writers?—such are the things with which the modern balladist deals. No doubt it may be said that the song-writer of this school is not self-created—that he follows inevitably in the æsthetic order. The evil is none the less undeniable. We are perhaps reaping the harvest sown by the small band of artists who, within recent times, strove so vigorously to widen the scope of art, and to force it into strange grooves. Such a movement as that headed by Gautier, Baudelaire, and De Musset in France must needs re-appear, in a more degraded form, in the work of the modern Zolas, Maupassants, and de Kocks; and it is inevitable that Gabriele Rossetti and Swinburne should be followed by crowds of weak admirers who, as is usual in such cases, imitate only the corrupter and less inspired features of their masters' works. These great men went far afield in their search for new flowers to lay upon the altar of art; their imitators have been careful to pick up such weeds and poisonous blossoms as were dropped by the way side. We do not fear the charge of prudery, for we repeat what has been said above, that true genius can make harmless, and hallowed, themes which, otherwise handled, are nauseous and inartistic.

As might be expected, the evil has not ended here. Morbid sentiment has produced morbid music; and this, in its turn, has brought about the degradation of singing itself. What is the most prevalent style of interpreting these ballads? Led by two or three elegant young men, the fashion obtains which decrees that, for what was known as the "pure Italian" style—that is to say, broad, flowing phrasing, on the one hand; and on the other, the dramatic method of Germany, we must have a half-spoken, half-chanted method of vocalisation, accompanied by many writhings of the body, and languorous rolling of the eyes. Sometimes there is a variation. The eyes are fixed steadfastly, first on some inanimate object,

and then gradually transferred to some love-sick maiden, who may usually be heard to whisper, "Oh, how heavenly! how sweet!" An intensely exaggerated vibrato is introduced, until it is difficult to tell what note is really aimed at; a hideous *rôle*, which till now has been confined to music-hall singers, is supposed to represent pathos; and such fantastic tricks of production and phrasing are played as might well make the Muses weep—if, indeed, they did not rather laugh bitterly at the fatuity of the performers and approving audience alike, who imagine that these hysterical absurdities are Art. The dowagers and school girls meet on the common ground of their admiration for these hybrid and ridiculous performances; but, in sober earnest, some higher sanction than this is required.

It may perhaps be thought that we are attaching too much importance to what may after all be only a passing fashion. But those who have had opportunity to gauge its extent have the best reason to know how injurious it is to the best interests of the vocal art. The degradation has spread to an incredible degree. The example set by the few singers specially referred to—and who, be it said, are possessed of genuine ability, which serves to accentuate the artistic immorality of such deliberate prostitution of talent—is followed slavishly by many of the younger school. The result can easily be prophesied, for it requires no vivid imagination to foresee the completer degradation which must ensue if the evil be not checked. The whole atmosphere is poisoned and miasmatic; and it is high time that some vigorous attempt should be made to check the further progress of decay.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The Maestro Pietro Melani has been chosen director of the new Musical Lyceum founded at Buenos Ayres.

The director of the Teatro Costanzi, at Rome, is writing both words and music of an opera, to be entitled "Jole"—N.B., not to be confounded with *Jolly*—and the son of the well-known Italian member, Seismit Doda, has set a melodrama to music, the name of said melodrama being at present unknown.

Last month the Neapolitan pianiste, Gilda Ruta, whose compositions for piano are already so favourably known here, gave a concert at Turin, when a concerto written by her was warmly received.

In the same town the last *saggio* of the Stefane Tempia Choral Society consisted of selections from the "Messiah," comparatively unknown in Italy, a vocal march by Cherubini, part-songs by Mendelssohn, &c.

The Municipal Band of Berlin is going to pay a visit to Berlin, and that of Berlin to Milan. Melodious interchange of courtesy! Harmonious alliance! At the Kossuth banquet lately given at Turin the Municipal Band played the second Rhapsodie Hongroise, by Liszt, the overture to "Tannhäuser," the National Hungarian March, the Kossuth March, &c. The exchange of *Evvivas* and *Eljens* (*Elyanes*) can be imagined.

We hear with regret that the veteran violinist Sivori is dangerously ill at Paris.

We see that early next year at Brussels M. Royer's new opera, "Salammbo," is to be produced. We shall be surprised if it excel an opera of the same name given at Genoa and Turin, composed by G. Massa.

During a performance of the "Elisir d'Amore" at Cremona the audience were startled by a cat (!) which fell from the gallery into the pit.

"Circe," it is said, is the name of the opera on which the veteran Ambroise Thomas is engaged. Will it prove as *enchanting* as "Mignon?" or rival "Françoise de Rimini," which a Frenchman once gravely assured us was one of Shakespeare's plays, Thomas having set *ALL Shakespeare's* plays to music.

"Don Cesare di Bazan" is to figure at the Pergola in Florence in the ensuing spring, written by the baritone Sparapani.

In two months' time Salvini is to make a tour in the United States.

Wagner's early work, "La Novice de Palerme," has recently been represented in Munich. The composition is described as wanting entirely in originality, being thoroughly Italian, and full of reminiscences. The general opinion seems to be that the master's memory has nothing to gain by any further presentation of this juvenile effort.

A curious scene took place a week or two ago at the Politeama Theatre of Genoa. Verdi's "Un ballo in maschera" was being played, with Riolo as the Zingara, when suddenly her brother rushed upon the stage and dragged her into the wings. The curtain was lowered, and for some time the audience was left to puzzle over the meaning of this new "business." It appeared subsequently that the manager had refused to pay his artists. Accordingly the fiery brother had hit upon this plan of interrupting the performance and compelling the recalcitrant manager to meet his engagements. The municipal authorities intervened, the manager promised to pay, and the opera was then allowed to proceed.

A German contemporary has recalled an amusing story of Phillip II., that wooden Spanish royalty. When he was sent by his father, in 1549, to the Low Countries, to receive the homage of the good Netherlanders, various *fêtes* were given in his honour. He, however, had been so carefully inured to the rigid etiquette of the Spanish Court, that he refrained from betraying any signs of pleasure or surprise at the various festivities. His "vassals" were piqued, and determined to prepare something which should awaken some emotion in the stolid prince. Accordingly they built an organ, in the interior of which a number of cats, of all ages and sorts, were hidden, while their tails were attached to the key-board in such a fashion that when the organist, who was disguised as a bear, pressed the keys a storm of mews and shrieks arose from the imprisoned animals, and at the same time a band of children, dressed as monkeys, dogs, and bear-cubs, danced wildly around the car in which the organ was conveyed. The hideous effect can be imagined; and at last the wooden Phillip—for the first and only time on record—was seen to smile.

Report speaks highly of a young French lady, Mdle. Jeanne Fleschelle, whose performances on the 'cello have aroused the enthusiasm of the subscribers to the Casino at Spa.

M. Della Suda Bey, a pianist well known in Constantinople, has arrived in Paris, where he will shortly give a concert.

We have received the last report of the Raff Conservatorium at Frankfurt, which gives account of the studies pursued during the past year, and affords interesting evidence of the vitality of this excellent institution.

COMMENDATORE GIOVANNI BOTTESINI.

On the evening of the 9th inst. the mortal remains of this famous and well-beloved musician were consigned to the tomb in the cemetery of Parma. Hundreds of persons had passed during the day through the chamber in which he breathed his last. Near his bed were his *contrabasso* and the *bâton* he always used when conductor. Above his head was a trophy formed of the numerous *bâtons* presented to him, the insignia of the orders to which he belonged, viz., SS. Maurizio and Lazzaro, Corona d'Italia, Ordine di Cristo, of the Medjidie, Isabella la Cattolica, Carlo III. of Spain, Sant' Jago of Portugal, and honorary and acting member of numerous academies. Seven was the hour fixed for the funeral, but long before then the streets through which the procession was to pass were crowded, the shops being closed and the windows of the houses draped. The car, drawn by four horses, was literally covered with flowers, the cords were held by the Prefect Comm. Argenti, representing the Minister of Public Instruction, Senator Linafi, Count Alberto Sauvitale, the first President of the Court of Appeal; Comm. Marinelli, the Attorney-General; Comm. Bruno, the Syndic of Crema—Bottesini's birthplace; the Prosyndic of Parma; and the Governor of the Conservatorio. On each side of the car were ten pupils of the Conservatorio, bearing wreaths, behind came the brother and two nephews of the deceased, the Corporation of Parma, representatives of Crema and the Corporation, Conservatorios, and musical institutions of other towns—in fact, all professions and classes joined in the demonstration of respect.

The religious ceremony was performed in the church of Sant 'Uldarico, over the porch of which was the following epigraph:—

"A Giovanni Bottesini—Gloria Italiana—Tropo presto rapito all'arte, alla patria—A Parma che esultante—Lo vide preposto alla direzione—Del suo Conservatorio musicale—Il Municipio—Decretava solenni onoranze."

At the barrier Nino Bixio orations were pronounced by some of the principal personages who had attended the solemn ceremonies decreed by the municipality. Born at Crema in 1821, young Bottesini at thirteen years of age already played the violin in the orchestra there, and sang soprano, and struck the cymbals in the church! Two posts being vacant in the Milan Conservatorio, one of *fagotto*, the other of *contrabasso*, he dedicated himself to the study of the latter instrument. Four years after he set out on the first of his innumerable journeys, going to Vienna, where he met with success. After a *giro artistico* undertaken some time after with Arditì, he was offered an engagement in Buenos Ayres. In two years' time he was conductor of the orchestra in that town, and in 1846 wrote his first opera, "Christopher Columbus." In 1849 he made his first appearance in London, "that metropolis of merchants (?) so cold, and so calm!!!" as writeth one of our Italian colleagues.

In 1854 the "Assedio di Firenze" was given at Paris, Milan, and Florence; in 1856 "Il dia volo della notte;" in 1862 "Marion Delorme" and "Ali Baba." After this he became the conductor of the orchestra at the principal theatre in Cairo, and there had the honour of being the first to direct and interpret Verdi's "Aida." In 1877 he wrote to Boito for a libretto, and it was at Ramleh, near Cairo, that he conceived the exquisite music that harmonised so well with the poet's beautiful version of the "old story, ever new" of "Ero and Leandro." This was represented at Turin, and was followed in 1880, in the same town, by the "Regina di Nepall." He wrote also a Requiem and a short opera in French, given at the Théâtre Palais Royal in Paris. His last work was the "Garden of Olivet," as Londoners will remember, heard but two years since. He has left four operas, "Azazel," "Cedar," "Graziella," and "Babele," the last being a comic opera—his *contrabasso*—for which we hear the usual rich *Englishman* has made an offer by telegram to the nephews of the dead artist; some of his decorations and bâtons; little else, for he was accustomed to give as generously as he earned easily—save some precious autographs of which, perhaps, his correspondence with Verdi, touching the interpretation of "Aida," will prove the most valuable as it must certainly be the most interesting.

CONCERTS.

MR. ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM.

This talented Russian pianist gave a recital at the Steinway Hall on the afternoon of July 19, when he executed a programme which served to show at once his abilities and his defects. Judged even by the high technical standard of to-day Mr. Friedheim is entitled to high consideration; to say that he executes passages of great difficulty with the utmost ease will seem moderate enough to those who were witnesses of the consummate skill with which he performed part of the last act of the "Walküre." But he is somewhat deficient in imagination in dealing with subjective music. His rendering of Beethoven's sonata, op. 26, was tame, and wanting in relief; indeed, Mr. Friedheim seems to regard this master as slightly old-fashioned, and plays him as he might play a sonata of Dussek. He is much more successful with pieces to which some definite dramatic meaning can be attached, and thus gave Liszt's two Legends of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis of Paolo with admirable effect. High praise is also to be given to his interpretation of Chopin's B minor sonata.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The programme presented at the last Student concert on Wednesday was one from whose difficulties far older performers might have shrunk. Dvorák's Symphonic Variations, Brahms' Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, the "Good Friday" music from "Parsifal," were included in the scheme, and the courage and ability with which their

exigencies were met demanded the highest praise. To Miss Ethel Sharpe fell the task of interpreting the solo portions of the concerto, and she infused into her performance admirable spirit and vitality. Spontini's "Olympia" overture and Saint-Saëns' "Phaëton" were also played by the orchestra, conducted by Professor Stanford. The vocalists were Miss Mary Richardson, who gave a singularly tasteful and refined reading of Mozart's "Deh! Vièni non tardar;" and Mr. C. T. Magrath, who sang Spohr's "Va sbramando quegli ardori" with high intelligence.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

An interesting ceremony took place in St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening, when the annual concert was given and the medals and diplomas gained by the students were distributed. There is little need to insist on care and ability which Dr. Wylde and his colleagues bring to bear on the education of their pupils; for the admirable way in which the short but excellent programme was carried out on this occasion by, to name but a few of many, Miss Therese Blamy, Miss Leila Dufour, and the Misses Ethel and Mabel Fraser, was sufficient evidence of the present status of the institution; while the presence of Miss Margaret Macintyre and Miss Rosa Leo was sufficient reminder of what had been accomplished in the past. Mme. Marie Roze, who had promised to distribute the medals and certificates, was unfortunately too unwell to come, but Mrs. Wylde undertook the graceful task. When the long list had been gone through and Dr. Wylde had made a short speech, Wilfrid Bendall's bright operetta, "Quid pro Quo," was performed by Miss Rosa Leo and Mr. Robert Gordon. We have already had occasion to refer to the admirable vivacity and vocal ability with which Miss Leo sings and acts in this clever little work, and it need only be said now of her coadjutor that had his intonation been less imperfect and his production less throaty he would have supported the lady effectively.

THE LONDON MILITARY BAND.

This band has been formed for the purpose of supplying the long-felt want of a Civil Military band, and at present numbers some forty performers of high ability. Much interest was therefore felt in the first performance given on Monday at Princes' Hall by these fine players, under the able conductorship of Mr. John Hill. Immense applause followed the playing of the beautifully conceived grand march from Dr. Mackenzie's "Story of Sayid," and part of the succeeding piece, the overture to "William Tell," was encored. Mr. F. Godfrey's selections from Meyerbeer's operas gave the individual members of the band opportunities for the display of their ability as soloists, which were amply used. The band, as has been said, numbers many excellent performers; nevertheless they need to acquire a thorough mastery of tonal gradation and of the exact balance of parts before the *ensemble* can be said to be perfect. In *accelerandos* and *ritardandos* their unanimity is wonderful, but they seldom succeed in getting anything softer than a piano effect. The ballet music from "Faust" was charmingly played, except that the delicate passages were not sufficiently cared for.

STEINWAY HALL.

Madame Dukas gave a vocal recital at this hall on Thursday, July 18, at which her pupils sang choruses by Mendelssohn, Rossini and Gounod, and two good part-songs by Herbert F. Sharpe. The young people, though evidently carefully taught, hesitate much, lacking both readiness of attack and vigour in *forte* passages. Why this timidity? They have fresh young voices—why are they not allowed to ring out clearly? The arias and solo portions were all creditably well sung—when judged by the only tests applicable to students—by the Misses Alice Tappy, Amy Pitts, Rose Lawton, Edith Rose, Violet Fraser, and Grace Gilchrist, the last-mentioned lady having much expressional power. Mme. Dukas contributed songs by Sterndale Bennett, Godard, and Cowen, besides a charming setting by Brahms of the Volklied "Sandmännchen." Messrs. Algernon Ashton and Mr. Walter Van Noorden played effective piano-duets—Nos. 2 and 3 of Mr. Ashton's Irish dances and two numbers from Greig's characteristic work "Peer Gynt." Much pleasure and variety were afforded by Mr. Kirwan's able recitation of the mock play in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which valuable musical assistance was given by several of Mme. Dukas' pupils. An amusing recitation, called "Je suis sauvé," was cleverly given by Mme. de Naucaze.

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MRS. LYNEDOCH MONCRIEFF'S MORNING CONCERT.

A fashionable audience assembled in the pretty little theatre of the Lyric Club on Friday, July 19th, when the concert giver brought forward several of her own vocal compositions. These works are mostly of a very passionate character, and depend much upon adequately demonstrative renderings. Mrs. Moncrieff's voice is not powerful, but her manner is tasteful and effective. Mr. Isidore de Lara sang several songs in his well-known "intense" style, and Miss Lucille Saunders rendered that solemn effusion "How will it be?" and Ford's "Because I love thee" in her usual artistic manner. Mr. Holmann played several of his own cello compositions in his inimitable manner, besides a transcription of Schumann's lovely "Träumerei." The powerful name of M^{me}. Valda was on the programme, that lady being announced to sing in "Ah! Fors à lui" from "Traviata," and a duet from the same opera. However, she did not appear, and her absence was in no way explained. At the close of the concert a lively musical comedieta called "Serenade in Grenada," by Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff, was performed, the two characters being taken by the Misses Leyshon and Hermon, while the portions behind the scenes by two invisible persons were sung by Mrs. Moncrieff and Mr. de Lara. The little work is thoroughly bright and Spanish in style.

MISS IDA KELEN.

Miss Ida Kelen, a young Hungarian pianist, gave a *matinée d'invitation* at the Steinway Hall on Tuesday last, when she presented a somewhat ambitious programme, which included Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Beethoven's Sonata in E, Op. 109, and pieces by Liszt, Chopin, and others. In setting herself so exacting a task Miss Kelen was perhaps a little premature, for it cannot be said that she proved herself fully equal to all its demands. However, Miss Kelen is so young that there is ground for hoping much better things, and for the present we shall content ourselves with recording that she has a very delicate touch and clean execution, united to a great deal of tenderness of feeling. These qualities were shown well in Rubinstein's Barcarolle in G, but best of all in Liszt's arrangement of the Spinnerlied from "The Flying Dutchman" and the 13th Hungarian Rhapsody. It should be added that M^{me}. Hughes Paltzer sang Otto Cantor's "Young Love" and two songs by Godard, with much taste and refinement.

MISS CHARLOTTE HANLON AND MISS HALL'S MATINEE MUSICALE.

The above-mentioned ladies gave an afternoon's music at the Beethoven Rooms on Thursday, July 18th, previous to their departure for a concert tour in the United States. They have our best wishes, and we have no doubt of their success in the New World. They sang two duets, Blumenthal's "Venetian Boat-Song" and Denza's "Sweet Hour" in a very finished style, their voices blending remarkably well. Miss Hall was also heard in Gluck's well-known "Che Faro" and Parker's deservedly popular song, "The Golden Path," in both of which her rich contralto voice, good method, and artistic expression were fully recognised. Miss Hanlon's clear soprano was heard to advantage in "L'Eco," by Fanny Puzzi, and "Tears," by Cowen. Vocal solos were also excellently rendered by M^{lle}. de Lido and M^{lle}. Leila Dufour, Mr. Gabriel Thorpe, and Mr. Harry Williams. Mons. J. Haakman, Chevalier Palmieri, and Mr. Henry Parker were answerable for the instrumental portions of the programme. Mons. Haakman gave as solos a charming Berceuse of his own and a Mazurka by Wieniawsky, both delicately played. Mr. Parker's solos, played with much spirit and brilliancy, were Chopin's Fantaisie-Impromptu and the Entr'acte from "Mignonette." Mons. Haakman and Mr. Parker joined forces in Beethoven's Violin Sonata, Op. 24, and between them these gentlemen supplied respectively the violin and piano accompaniments to the various songs and singers in a most sympathetic manner.

AN OPEN AIR CONCERT.

The opening of the normal classes at the Tonic Sol-fa College, Forest Gate, was celebrated on the 20th ult. by a garden party held at the house

of Mr. Curwen. About 200 musicians accepted the invitation, among whom Messrs. A. J. Ellis, F.R.S., Henry Lahee, Edmund Rogers, T. Mee Pattison, J. Langran, Mus. Bac.; George Oakley, Mus. Bac.; Josiah Booth, F. G. Edwards, Sinclair Dunn, T. F. Harris, B. Sc.; and many musical professors, composers, conductors, organists, vocalists, and prominent sol-fa teachers of the past and present generations. The most interesting feature was the singing of the part songs by standard composers. As the ladies and gentlemen present came from Australia, Canada, and all parts of England, Wales, and Scotland, there could be no rehearsal, but the excellent singing showed how the tonic sol-fa system has created a body of able part-singers. The *al fresco* concert was varied by solos given by public singers, and the sociability of the large party afforded evidence of the freemasonry existing among solfaists.

PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL.—Several gratifying things have resulted from the recent visit to London of the Bristol Orpheus Glee Society. The Duke of Abercorn, who was present at the concert, has invited the Society to pay the metropolis a return visit under Royal patronage, and early next year the members of the Society will accordingly give a second concert in town. Among the audience in St. James's Hall were musical people from Whitby, who were so charmed with the "Old Church Bells," from the pen of Mr. Geo. Riseley, the conductor, that they have determined to have it rendered at their town on the north-east coast. There is to be a water festival at Whitby in a week or two! Handel's "Water Music" (rarely heard) is to be rendered in craft on the water, a choir will sing a selection of pieces, including Mr. Riseley's composition, which is thought will prove very effective as suggestive of the voices of the bells of the "church on the cliff." Mr. Riseley has been given a hearty invitation to be present at the festival, and has been promised a cordial reception, but he has not yet made up his mind whether or not he will accept the invitation. Musical although Bristol undoubtedly is, some of her musical institutions do not receive that support they deserve from the hands of the citizens. For two or three summer seasons the Bristol and Clifton Public Band, composed of able English professional musicians, has been giving open-air concerts in the public parks of the city, but it has not met with the pecuniary aid needed for its maintenance. The present season started with an adverse balance of considerably over £100, and although efforts have been made to make up the deficiency, they have not been attended with the success that was expected. During the last four Saturdays vocalists have assisted at the evening concerts, and collecting sheets have been spread for the reception of contributions. The sum received on the first Saturday was substantial, but this generosity was not maintained, and at present there is a prospect that at the end of the season the debt will remain unliquidated. It is, however, as yet early to judge, but the best is hoped for.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—The results of the local examinations in connection with the Royal Academy of Music at the Weston-super-Mare centre is just to hand. Forty-nine candidates entered, and forty-two were successful. The pass list is as follows:

SENIOR DIVISION.—Honours: Mary Jane Adams, pianoforte; Margaret Cookson, pianoforte; Laura Joanna Darch, elements of music; Helen Lindsay Rossiter, pianoforte; Ellen Mary Bayliss, pianoforte and elements of music; James Biggs, pianoforte; William James Broome, singing and elements of music; Annie Helen Elizabeth Classey, pianoforte; Frederick John Dale, harmony; Carrie Duck, elements of music; Edna Jane Longuey Filer, pianoforte; Bessie Bryant Frampton, pianoforte; Ada Victoria Hadfield, pianoforte; Anna Howatson, elements of music; Ada Caroline Mills, elements of music; Amelia Eveline Mountstevens, pianoforte; Eleanor Bond Nicholl, pianoforte; Edith Mary Ogden, pianoforte; Edwin Osgood, pianoforte; Agnes Whitfield Plummer, pianoforte; Ida Sewell Prichard, elements of music; Nellie Stedman, harmony; Jessie Wolston Watt, pianoforte; Lilian Whittle, elements of music; Amy Maud Wood, pianoforte.

JUNIOR DIVISION.—Honours: Margaret Louisa Waller Broad, 15; Gertrude Mary Bridges, 15; Eleanor Brushfield, 14; Renira Josephine Anna Chaplin, 14; Frances Amy Warren Cogle, 13; Grace Helen Cookson, 14; Margaret Hazelden Dallimore, 14; Florence Dare, 14; Mary Farrant, 13; Ruth Ethel Figgis, 15; Ada Caroline Mills, 13; Agnes Oram, 13; Ida Sewell Prichard, 15; Mary Elizabeth Smyth, 15; and Mary Vincent, 14—all pianoforte.

MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

Exceptionally interesting was the party given on Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Labouchere at 24, Grosvenor-gardens. It was not only that Mlle. Zélie de Lussan sang beautifully, or that M. Wolff and M. Hollmann played each in his happiest style, or that two little American girls, the Misses Wakefield, played violin and pianoforte solos cleverly. The great charm was the presence of Sarah Bernhardt, who recited Alfred de Musset's "Lucie" with all her wonted beauty of voice and fascination of style. Her audience, excited to a degree altogether uncommon in a London drawing-room, clamoured for more. Madame protested that she did not know any more, but in vain, and at last the wonderful voice was heard again in a little poem of Victor Hugo. Praise exhausted itself long ago, where the great actress is concerned; and it need only be said that the two poems, beautiful in themselves, were made doubly beautiful by the manner of their presentation.

Mrs. Campbell's party on Wednesday night at 37, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, was a very pleasant function. The bodies and souls of her guests were alike well provided for. To the delectations prepared for the first, we shall not refer; but it must be said that the music, although there was not a great deal of it, was excellent. Miss Marianne Eissler played violin solos in her most charming style; Signor Ducci played some pianoforte pieces; and, of the singers, Mr. Hirwen Jones deserves special mention for his admirable rendering of songs by Piatti and Goring Thomas.

Mr. Broadley's party at Cairo Cottage on the 19th was, it goes without saying, well attended, for he is a host who invariably provides ample attractions for his guests. On the occasion in question, there was a military band which played in the garden, while in the music-room an interesting concert was given by, amongst others equally well-known, the Lotus Glee Club, M. Nachez, and M. Wolff. Added to these, a charming rustic ballet was given on the lawn, under the direction of Madame Katti Lanner.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The public distribution of Diplomas and Certificates by the Warden, for the thirty-second half-yearly examination took place on Tuesday afternoon, when the College Diploma of Licentiate in Music was conferred on John Henry Bridger, of Farnborough, Robert Gurd, of Crumlin, Ireland, and Thomas Russe, of Tiverton. There were 184 entries and 132 passes at this examination, the examiners being:—G. E. Bambridge, L. Mus.; John Francis Barnett, Henry R. Bird, Frederick Corder, A. E. Drinkwater, M.A.; John Foster, L. Mus.; Myles B. Foster, L. Mus.; Prof. Jas. Higgs, Mus. B.; Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, Mus. D.; C. S. Jekyll, A. H. Mann, Mus. D.; Guido Papini, C. W. Pearce, Mus. D.; Ridley Prentice, John Radcliff, Prof. Gordon Saunders, Mus. D.; C. E. Armand Semple, B.A., M.D.; E. H. Thorne, L. Mus.; Prof. Bradbury Turner, Mus. B., and C. E. Willing, L. Mus.

REVIEWS.

MUSIC.

C. JEFFREYS, 87, Berners-street.

We have received two new songs by Otto Cantor, both of which are far above the average of ordinary drawing room ballads. "Bid me only know," although lacking in conciseness of treatment, could be made very effective by an artistic singer with a voice of good compass. "Young Love" is a cleverly-written and singable ballad for a baritone or contralto voice.

Messrs. AUGENER publish:—

Four songs composed by Thomas Chapman. "The World's Wanderers," words by Shelley; "To His Mistress" and "A Lyric to Mirth," words by Herrick; and "If I could see him once again," words by McCurdy. These songs are all very effectively written, the first three mentioned are suitable to a tenor, and the last to a soprano voice. The accompaniments are finely harmonised, and give great character to the songs.

Published by Wood and Co., Rathbone-place:—

"Firelight Fancies." Little songs for little children. By Arthur W. Marchant. Very good are these "little songs for little children;" just the bright, easy melodies by which often a love of music can be awakened in the small people, long before they are required to learn it as a scholastic duty. The words by Edward Oxenford are extremely attractive, and quite intelligible to the child-mind, while the directions for adequate expression are given most clearly and simply.

"By the Camp Fires," composed (expressly for and sung by Mr. Watkin Mills) by Walter Austin; also published by Wood and Co. Songs for soldiers or sailors necessarily have melodies of a familiar and popular type. The present specimen is, however, above the usual level, inasmuch as it has a bold, well-harmonised accompaniment, the bass progressions of which are especially commendable.

"The Student's Daily Companion." Technical Exercises for the Piano, by J. T. Treckell. The principal object of these exercises is to enable the learner to acquire equal facility and fluency in all the keys. English fingering is used, and ample directions given.

MTZLER and Co., 42, Great Marlborough-street.

In "A Winter Song," by R. B. Addison, the composer evidently aims at originality, a result which he achieves without undue sacrifice of melody or harmony. The song is distinctly artistic, than which no higher praise need be asked.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, 54, Great Marlborough-street.

"Until the Daybreak," by Winifred Noble, is a melodious and simple little song, presenting no difficulty either to the singer or accompanist.

"Clotho," March for pianoforte solo, by Isabel Dudgeon, is, so far as we are aware, by a new hand. It is spirited, the themes are well contrasted and the piece is likely to recommend itself for teaching purposes.

PATENTS.

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10,936. Improvements in gongs.—EDMUND TOWNSHEND, Glenlee, Church-road, Moseley, Birmingham, July 8th.

11,069. Improvements in musical wind instruments.—CHARLES G. CONN, 23, Southampton-buildings, London, July 9th.

11,171. An improved flute.—E. WUNNENBURG, 20, High Holborn, London, July 11th.

11,246. Improvements in or relating to pianofortes.—WILLIAM H. DAVIES, 6, Lord-street, Liverpool, July 13th.

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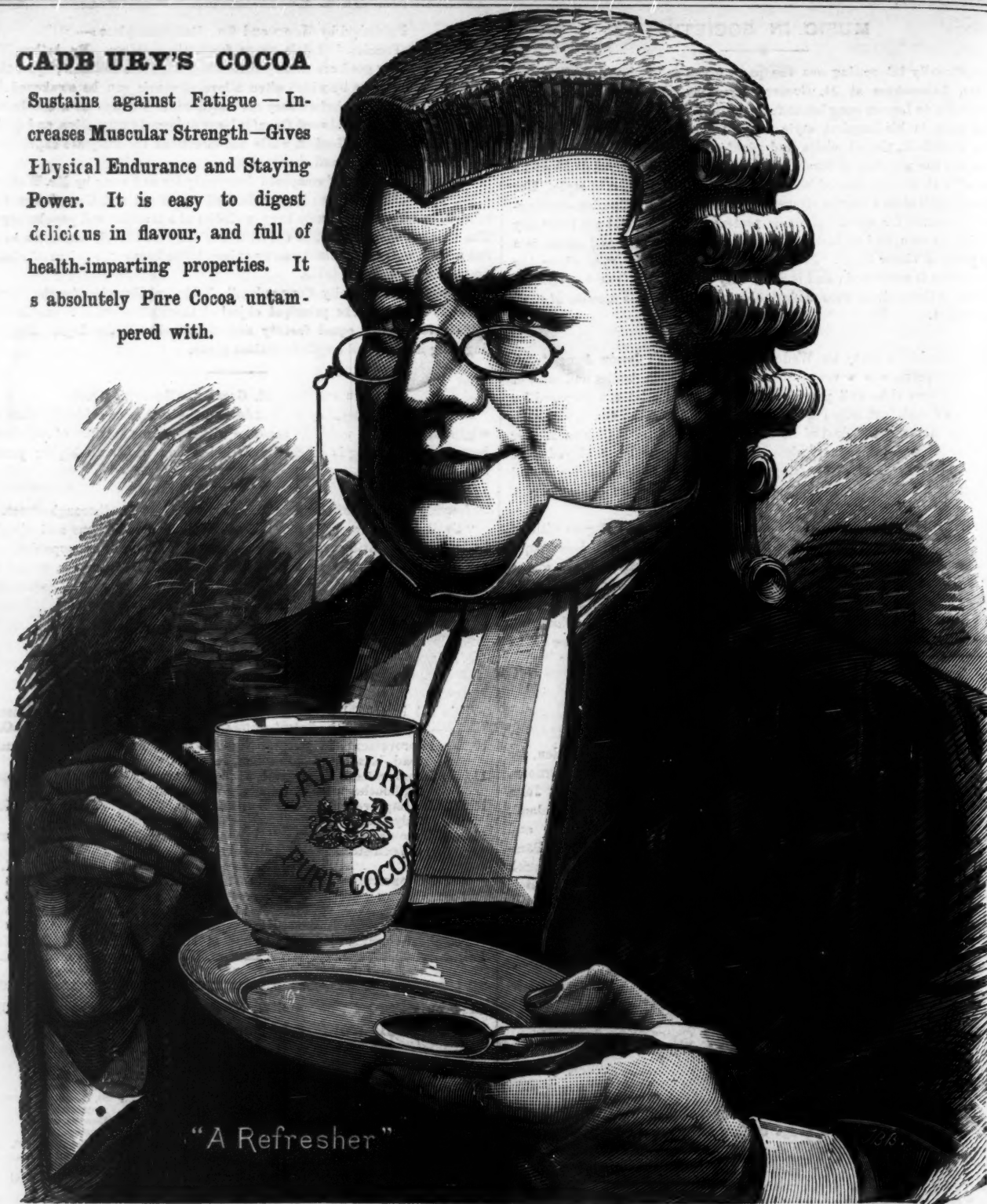
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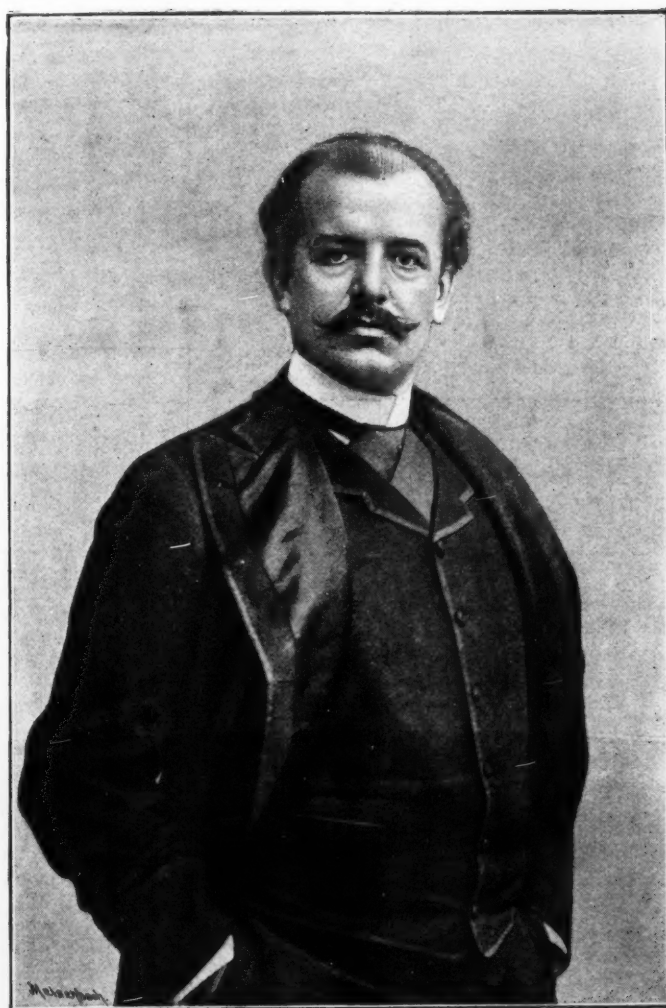
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